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October-December, 1919

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OCTOBER, 1919

[No. 4

THE GOOSE: A LITERARY INTERPRETATION

THE GOOSE

I knew an old wife lean and poor,
Her rags scarce held together ;
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather.

He held a goose upon his arm,
He utter'd rhyme and reason :
"Here, take the goose, and keep you warm,
It is a stormy season."

She caught the white goose by the leg,
A goose—'twas no great matter.
The goose let fall a golden egg
With cackle and with clatter.

She dropt the goose, and caught the pelf,
And ran to tell her neighbors ;
And bless'd herself, and curs'd herself,
And rested from her labors.

And feeding high, and living soft,
Grew plump and able-bodied ;
Until the grave churchwarden doff'd,
The parson smirk'd and nodded.

So sitting, served by man and maid,
She felt her heart grow prouder :
But ah! the more the white goose laid
It clack'd and cackled louder.

It clutter'd here, it chuckled there ;
It stirr'd the old wife's mettle :
She shifted in her elbow-chair,
And hurl'd the pan and kettle.

"A quinsy choke thy cursèd note!"
Then waxed her anger stronger

"Go, take the goose, and wring her throat,
I will not bear it longer!"

Then yelp'd the cur, and yawl'd the cat;
Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer,
The goose flew this way and flew that,
And fill'd the house with clamor.

As head and heels upon the floor
They flounder'd all together,
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather:

He took the goose upon his arm,
He utter'd words of scorning:
"So keep you cold, or keep you warm,
It is a stormy morning."

The wild wind rang from park and plain,
And round the attics rumbled,
Till all the tables danced again,
And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,
The blast was hard and harder.
Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,
And a whirlwind clear'd the larder:

And while on all sides breaking loose
Her household fled the danger,
Quoth she, "The Devil take the goose,
And God forget the stranger!"

THE ANALYSIS

1. A human existence of extreme poverty and hardship of inclement condition.
2. The appearance at the door of a stranger who "uttered rhyme and reason." As one singly he might have personified several ones.
3. He brought upon his arm a goose having a body in which wealth was potentialized.
4. He presented the goose to the old housewife who esteemed the gift lightly—" 'twas no great matter."
5. But the goose let fall a golden egg, and human-like she dropped the goose and seized the egg.
6. The egg was a prize but the goose who laid it was a nuisance.

7. The more eggs that were laid the wealthier, prouder, and vainer she grew and the greater nuisance did the goose become.

8. Then she began to limit and coerce the goose. She "hurled the pan and kettle."

9. There followed a general *mêlée*, when "on the floor they tumbled all together in the effort to exterminate the goose."

10. In disgust, he who gave the goose reclaimed it and left the old woman deprived of potential wealth.

11. Actualized wealth with no source of renewal soon disappears or is destroyed and the former poverty and inclemency returns.

THE INTERPRETATION

This allegory expresses much more than the classic fable of the goose that laid the golden egg. In both stories the goose represents the potentialities which actualize as wealth. In the old fable the wealth is a particular amount contained in one egg, and the potential of further production ceases with the killing of the goose, but in our poem the goose is imperishable. Its potentialities are only loaned to humanity for an illustrative test of its wisdom and folly, its virtue and vice. What Tennyson had in mind when he wrote the poem may not be known, but we can guess what it might have been. The truth of the story is numerously illustrated in individual lives, but we prefer to look at it as set forth in large human averages and extended periods of time rather than its exhibit as presented in a single individual life. I propose, therefore, to review our knowledge of the history of the period and to trace therein an analogy between the goose and that renaissance from which have grown the stately towers of European civilization.

The condition of the human masses of Europe, during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, in their poverty and scant comfort, is aptly compared to—

"... an old wife lean and poor,
Whose rags scarce held together."

Agriculture and zoöculture were of a limited character. The forests had not been cleared nor much of the waste reclaimed. The meat was largely that of the wild hog and deer, lesser

animals, wild fowl and fish, and food supply depended on the precarious fortune of the hunter. Hunger was a common experience. People lived mostly in single room huts which, like the occupants, were attachments of the lands outlying the villa of the landed proprietors, and thus grouped about the villas they formed villages inhabited by villains. There were some schools connected with the monasteries in which the arid trivium of grammar, rhetoric, and logic, was taught and the dogmas and observances of the church were made familiar. There were embryonic universities—if that term could be applied to a self-governed colony of students who spent most of their time in gambling, fighting, and ribaldry. There were cities from 15 to 50,000 people, built contiguous to a citadel. These were the centres of such commerce as the poverty of the age would support, and in them were located the shops of artificers whose products required more mechanical facilities than could be maintained in the domestic huts.

There strode a stranger to the door,—

Anyone intellectually gifted and spiritually visioned was a stranger in those times. Such strangers had rarely appeared, but in the twelfth century they began to multiply. The one stranger who strode to the door may be regarded as personifying many who lived at different times and different places, and all were giving their contributions to a common cause—each brought a goose. A few names, of very many, suffice to concrete this statement. There were Abelard, Duns Scotus, Roger Bacon, Anselm, Peter the Hermit, Petrarch, Chaucer, and Dante.

*He held a goose upon his arm,
He uttered rhyme and reason.*

The goose was not wealth—it only embodied the potentialities of wealth. This seems to be a clear case of the potentialities of wealth brought to starving humanity by those who utter rhyme and reason—by poets, scholars, artists, and philosophers. This happens elsewhere but nowhere does it show up in such high relief as in the beginnings of the Renaissance.

*"Here, take the goose, and keep you warm,
It is a stormy season."*

Small comfort it would seem to give a live goose to those who are shivering for want of fuel. It is like the familiar parable of giving pearl food to swine when they want corn. Do not bring the potentialities of wealth alone to those who want wealth only, unless you would be esteemed an "educated fool" by those who can see no potentiality of wealth in a thing unless it is dripping golden drops. Let the education of a period be merely for the attainment of things in sight, and after a while there will be no sight of things to be reached. From a mental gloom so produced the renaissance occurs when the rhymers appear, to elevate sordid sensibilities; and the reasoners, who interpret enduring relativities by the diffusion of intellectual enlightenment, extended visions, and true concepts.

*She caught the white goose by the leg,
A goose—'twas no great matter.
The goose let fall a golden egg
With cackle and with clatter.*

It may be well to notice some of the potentialities of that gold-egg-laying goose.

There was the spirit of chivalry, which was essential heroism. With chivalry as an institution I have no concern. It is only with the spirit of it which glowed in the Crusades, scorned with knightly nobility to take advantage of the weak, and covered the defenceless with its protecting shield.

The seeds of heroism which went into the ground when the husks and forms of Roman civilization perished grew and blossomed in the formative years of the Renaissance. The examples and ideals of ancient heroism and the blood of the early Christian martyrs, which scarcely felt a single thrill in the soil of the Dark Ages, then awoke to newness of life in the impulses to do and dare.

The blackness of the sky became illuminated by the light of the blazing fagots which consumed the bodies of those who fought ecclesiastical deadness. How little do we realize that the light of civil and religious liberty in our civilization comes from the sacrificial fires of innumerable altars!

It would be much if the spirit of Chivalry had only given to our wealth-producing civilization its courtesies and deferential

manners in social intercourse; but it has done more,—it has helped to develop the equity sense, the fee-simple ownership of land, the abolition of slavery, and the equalizing of political worth. Such things produce wealth directly and are created from spiritual potential, of which heroism is one element.

Spiritual potential, and material wealth are inseparable as cause and effect, and no amount of the effect can long survive the extinction of the cause as is revealed in the sequel of this poem.

There is nothing on which mortality can base a trust but God and souls that combine Godlike relativities. No system of economics is sane, worth while, or devoid of peril, which does not build from spiritual coördinates. The reference bases of healthy soul are power, equity, fidelity to pledge, and whatever things are true; and any system of economics which plots the sinuosities of place-hunters and money-grabbers is a refuge of lies and invites the hail. There is no necessity that can reduce a righteous man to baseness, nor compel him to violate established righteous principles. If such necessity, backed by force, arises he must coerce that force or go down to defeat, fighting to the end. That is heroism and no people or time has ever possessed it that did not achieve wealth and distinction.

Together with the breath of a new soul-life the goose brought intellectual illumination. It had long been known that the earth was spherical, but what difference did it make whether it be round or flat, in the darkness where all things look alike; but when facts which are different are illuminated they assume different aspects, and such differences of mental presentment stimulate constructive thinking. As visualized facts draw out of the darkness, the thought constructions of them promote material constructions. Better fields appear, better dwellings are builded, oceans are crossed, continents are circumnavigated, and white-winged ships replace the backs of animals for transportation. When Columbus's ship headed out into unknown seas, there were two angelic figures on board which the pictures never show. These were dauntless heroism upon the prow and reasoned intelligence at the helm.

I have referred to the seeds of heroism dormant in the soil of the Dark Ages, and now another thing comes to our notice.

Imperishable thought had its potential bestowment as well as imperishable impulse. It has its forms of latency in which it reposes safe from raging Herods and destructive tempests while spanning the gaps between civilizations. Most of the crop of ancient learning and literature perished, but enough was preserved for seed.

A curious picture now comes upon the screen. Many peculiar looking men may be seen working in secluded cloisters over old writings which they are deciphering and copying with utmost care. Why are they doing it? For the same reason that you and I do some things, purely for the satisfaction of doing it. When finished their work could not be sold, could only be laid away in mouldering seclusion.

From where did those old writings come? It is a marvelous and mysterious story. Again we are facing the inscrutable. When Christianity overspread the abodes of former civilizations it gathered up all the books and writings that it could obtain on every subject and entrusted them to the keeping of monasteries and church archives. There were works on philosophy, poetry, mathematics, oratory, history, ethics, politics, sports, and sacred books of many religions, even scraps and fragments, were treasured. Why Christianity, being originally a narrow religious propaganda, should ever have done this no one has ever explained or ever will explain. It suggests a something in being which reverts from a perished actual to a repose in potential. "So lavish of the type, so careful of the seed."

The seed life, long quiescent in those old manuscripts, revived in the fulness of time and, interfusing with the rude dialects of western Europe, transferred them into languages, and those languages—the Romance and English—blossomed into literatures, and so great was the interest in those young literatures that authors, even minor ones, were courtly welcomed and accorded royal recognition. In the Elizabethan era this movement had attained full swing. Members of the nobility then coveted the honor of appearing as patrons of letters and placed a higher value on the dedication to them of a literary work than they did on a fulsome epitaph or a historic record.

I will here interpolate a remark to which reference may be

made hereafter. Literature has passed its maximum and is declining in our civilization. This may seem to be an incredible statement in view of the enormous quantity that is rolled off from revolving presses and bends the open shelves of library acres. It is not declining as an actuality—as a business. It is declining in potentiality as a creating factor of civilization and statehood. Its potential is being worked up into actuality faster than it is drafted from the spiritual domain.

While still specifically honored in some countries literary stars are dimmed or quite extinguished in our firmament. Winged words are wanted, not for wafting thoughts but business announcements. The writers for periodical literature are hired wing-makers for advertisements. The literary profession is passing into a muledom for dragging the loaded trucks and circus chariots of commerce; for peddling goods.

Literature promotes civilization by extensions of the self. Such extensions bring the relativities of that self with other selves into recognition. Thus history, histrionics, the novel, and the epic show the relativities of our selves to other selves, grander than we are, and promote their emulation. Sentimental literature radiates the emotions of the self to wider emotional ranges.

The literatures of physical science lead us along the paths pursued by master thinkers to a wider and better knowledge of our environment. By didactic literature the duty sense becomes formulated, and it could have no existence if the selves of others were not perceptibly objectified.

After the relativities of self with others become recognized they soon assume material expression in art, law, and organized mutual dependences. This is civilization; but when literature turns avariciously from the selves to the things that the selves have, its priests become ushers, and the Shekinah fades from its Mercy Seat. It loses creative power.

The next few stanzas present a very common peculiarity of human nature, both individually and collectively:—

She dropt the goose, and caught the pelf,
And ran to tell her neighbors;
And bless'd herself, and curs'd herself,
And rested from her labors.

And feeding high, and living soft,
Grew plump and able-bodied,
Until the grave churchwarden doff'd,
The parson smirk'd and nodded.

So sitting, served by man and maid,
She felt her heart grow prouder:
But ah! the more the white goose laid
It clack'd and cackled louder.

Herein are depicted some things about the new rich,—how, by vulgar display of unaccustomed wealth, it tells its neighbors; how, by indulgences it blesses itself and by excesses it curses itself; how it irks work, and while loving wealth which work creates, pride forbids it to appear as a worker. The advent of good fortune brings a temporary felicitation by contrast with the recent evil fortune which has been replaced. The exuberance does not last long. As the evil fortune retreats into the past, the contrast and a realized sense of the good fortune go with it, and dissatisfaction grows apace. We have the good fortune, which passively seems like a matter of course, but the disgruntlements which come with it are always acute.

Both increase together. The more the white goose laid, the louder it clacked and cackled. The increase of blessing is not sensed, but the incident trouble increases prodigiously until it leads to open hostility. The goose must be constrained or reformed, not realizing that when so treated it would not continue to lay golden eggs. There is but little reform in the earlier stages of civilization nor until after it passes its maximum. The religious Reformation of Europe is badly named. It was a spiritual renaissance from fresh potential, and Magna Charta was a political renaissance. Both were new creations. A general clamor for reform is a revulsion from the infirmities of age and a call for hypodermic injections of correctives. A general agitation for reform indicates an era of declining potentiality. When a civilization is old, legislative reform cannot bring back the bloom to its cheek nor smooth the wrinkles from its face.

It clutter'd here, it chuckled there;
It stirr'd the old wife's mettle:
She shifted in her elbow-chair,
And hurl'd the pan and kettle.

Here we are, doing the same thing with a more than exact literalness. We are staking the continuance of our civilization on Education. We make it the burden-bearer of our hope and in recent education are hurling not only pans and kettles but, with every implement and utensil of industry and every vocational device, we are pelting its creative genius.

"A quinsy choke thy cursèd note!"

Then waxed her anger stronger:

"Go, take the goose and wring its throat,
I will not bear it longer!"

Conserving and building forces interfere with sensuous pleasure and temporal ambitions. Away with them! The Recessional is a devotional song in our school assembly, but in our classrooms we devote every effort to the teaching of its antonym. There it becomes a mere scrap of poetic paper. We implore God to save us from dependence on material safeguards, from "valiant dust that builds on dust," and then forbid God's intervention, by consecration to the counter thing that we invoke and cling to that until separated from it by the solving rite of death.

In our instruction we do our utmost to teach that everything depends on material safeguarding,—how to fit one's self into material places and positions—how to get money—how to win success in life as measured by the distance that we surpass the other fellow.

We think of those foolish old Israelites, who turned down a fundamental maxim of their state by lapsing into idolatry, but there is a fundamental maxim of the Christian State which its modern recent education rejects entirely. "Be not conformed unto the world but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." The advancing vogue in education is, for conformity to the world and its requirements, fit yourself into your living environment and make the most out of it that you can for yourself. Such it teaches as the chief end of man, with a scoff at scholarship and mental renewing. The declining vogue has been different: fit your environment unto your best self, be a transforming power in the world for good, and seek mental renewing by acquaintance and communion with master thinkers and their products.

Few seem to realize how the substitution of vocationalism for soul in education is carrying Christianity down the slope with itself by withdrawing from Christian character the force of such precepts as,—

Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, etc. ;
Labor not for the meat that perishes ;
Consider the lilies of the field, etc. ;
Seek first the kingdom of God and its righteousness,
and all things shall be added unto you ;—

and with these many, many more of like import. Neither does it seem to be realized that raging vocationalism leads downward to that narrow, belittled selfhood from which the Renaissance was emergent and ascendant. I am infused with Emerson's little poem on politics:—

Gold and iron are good
To buy iron and gold.
All Earth's fleece and food
For their like are sold.
Nor coin nor coinage buy
Aught but their own rate ;
Fear, Craft, and Avarice
Cannot rear a State.
Naught from dust can build
What is more than dust ;—
Walls that Amphion piled
Phœbus establish must.
When the statesman ploughs
Furrows for the wheat ;
When the church holds social worth,
When the statehouse is the hearth,
Then the perfect State has come,
The republican at home.

Then yelp'd the cur, and yawl'd the cat ;
Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer.

[The cur and the cat were the excitable attendants to furnish the noise and Gaffer and Gammer were the flunkies to capture the goose.]

The goose flew this way and flew that,
And fill'd the house with clamor.

With head and heels upon the floor
They flounder'd all together ;

There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather.

He took the goose upon his arm,
He uttered words of scorning:
"So, keep you cold, or keep you warm,
It is a stormy morning."

Things have reached a climax in the mansion. The hostility to the goose has caused its withdrawal.

A study of civilizations reveals this fact: Each one arises from a gathered set of potentials, and while it is advancing to a maximum those potentials are ascendant and controlling. For a time it balances on the crest and then descends by a steeper grade to extinction, as its potentiality, by conversion to actuality, reduces to zero. Renewing potentiality wanes when the loves of thinking chase the hours with flying fleet in the dance-halls of actuality.

An historical survey of major civilizations shows that they have occurred as periodicities, either sequential or overlapping. While it is impossible to fix definitely their beginning or their ending, their periods have ranged from one thousand to fifteen hundred years. Their slow ascent is gradual or marked by minor steps and their decline is like a river down a series of cataracts. They illustrate the usual organic fact that destruction is more rapid than construction. Those which still present historic relics or traditions are continuous, serially, with others which reach back into unknown time and of which the bones have turned to undistinguishable dust.

The wild wind rang from park and plain,
And round the attics rumbled,
Till all the tables danced again,
And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,
The blast was hard and harder,
Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,
And a whirlwind clear'd the larder.

Material effects and grandeur do not long survive when no longer safeguarded by soul. They seem invincible in their vastness but quickly dissolve into elemental gases and flit like a waking dream. Temples are turned into stables and the wild

beast makes his path through broken architecture to his couch in the bedchamber of royalty.

Again the Recessional:—

"Far called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Our boasted pomp of yesterday
Is one with Ninevah and Tyre."

If we apply what is herein set forth to the Latin-Anglo civilization—our boast and pride—and disabuse our minds of the fond and foolish belief that its light will strengthen to eternal day, we may predict a possible survival of it for three or four hundred years. It may not last for fifty. The signs of its declining potentiality, some of which have been mentioned in this paper, are unmistakable. The undisciplined and unactualized potential of Asiatic hordes and the thinly disguised savagery of the Teuton are stretching forth eager hands to clutch its actualized wealth and comfort. The entire Eastern Continent, from the Rhine to the Pacific, is pressing heavily against its barriers. It is attacked from within and without; from within by immigrant diffusion, and from without by direct assault. We have recently seen its defence breached and destructive floods pour through. Last July the fate of our civilization was balancing on the edge of a precipice, and only the timely rescue by America saved it from destruction and blocked the Teuton from the path of the Norman. But for that intervention devastated lands, ruined cities, destroyed commerce, and confiscatory tributes would have reduced the Latin-Anglo to impotence. This was the world-wide avowed purpose of Teuton advancement.

The emotion of self-love and the instinct of self-preservation are so strong that death is never a pleasant thing to contemplate. Nevertheless, it is nature's order that whatever is born and grows must decay and die. "Except a grain of corn fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Every expiring civilization seeds some thing into the future. Its perished actuality entropizes in part, to the potentiality of a new growth. Unless all signs fail, our Latin-Anglo civilization is doomed and its days are numbered. This seems too gloomy

and pessimistic for belief so long as we look only at it with its present abundance. By so doing we miss the larger vision. Beyond the clouds the sun is always shining. That continuous movement which we call Progress and so much adore brings the glowing day out of one night and turns it forward into another. Every civilization lapses into a dark age.

It may not be as long or as dark in some cases as others. That depends on shifting spiritual latitudes, but there must be a period of recession while potentialities are gathering and the new shoots are developing to recognizable form.

There are things in our civilization that are imperishable. Things have had their birthing in it that will live as long as the genus, but they are not the things that make up its inventory. Its forms, structures, and institutions, will go down through wreckage to extinction. The stranger with the goose will always walk upon the earth and in the fullness of time will repeat in some other hut and possibly with a fatter goose the things that have been allegorized in this poem.

SYDNEY T. SKIDMORE.

Philadelphia Normal School.

THE CLOUGH CENTENARY: HIS *DIPSYCHUS*

An English poet with special interest for Americans is Arthur Hugh Clough, born in 1819, who spent several years of his childhood in America and in later years had many American friends. One of the most finely sensitive thinkers of the Victorian Age, Clough had traits that we admire especially: flexibility and shrewdness of intelligence joined with an invincible idealism. The friend of Lowell, Emerson, Norton, Agassiz, and others, he was respected, here, for his scholarship and loved for his personal charm. During one year, 1852, when he was living in Cambridge he became an affectionate interpreter of American character, and when he went back to England he was distinctly a medium of better understanding of our ideals and purposes. Even in death he has an American associate, for he lies near Theodore Parker in that beautiful Protestant cemetery in Florence, where purple fleurs-de-lis, roses, and tapering green cypress trees surround him with silence.

The general reader knows Clough as the author of several short poems which voice the spiritual unrest and aspiration of his day, but his position as a poet is not as clearly established as is that of his friend Matthew Arnold. A few people read Clough's long vacation pastoral, *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*; fewer read the charming descriptions of Italy in *Amours de Voyage* (first published in America); fewer still read his most thoroughly characteristic long poem—the unfinished *Dipsychus*.

Essentially a man of his epoch yet deeply critical of it, Clough must be studied as a citizen of the Victorian Age. That age was dominated by a rapidly increasing industrialism and a more and more autocratic science. Men were absorbed in mechanical matters, in physical laws; railways, steamboats, telegraph lines, mills, and merchandise seemed nearer and more real than questions of faith and truth. It is true that there were great reforms in this period,—slavery in the colonies was abolished, the corn laws were repealed, factory acts were passed, the Catholics emancipated, and steady slow progress in civic betterment was made. But as regards the average man, life was so full of ma-

terial things that he had scant time for things spiritual. The mood of the age is fairly enough represented in the philosophy of such a man as Huxley, who wrote as late as 1870 in his essay on Descartes' *Discourse*, "I protest that if some great Power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning before I got out of bed, I should instantly close with the offer. The only freedom I care about is the freedom to do right; the freedom to do wrong I am ready to part with on the cheapest terms to any one who will take it of me." He would forfeit man's most precious possession,—the need to struggle for his virtue. It is incredible that a thinking man would be willing to abrogate all his rights in the experience which comes from making moral decisions. Life lived automatically would be hideously childish, a travesty, a preposterous anti-climax. Clough had none of this tendency to shirk the moral issue, he had none of the superstitious reverence for virtue by mechanics not by choice. And the very source of Clough's power as a poet lies in his eternal protest against spiritual ease and smugness.

The great stumbling-block to the enjoyment of Clough's poetry is the fact that he was perhaps the most ironical poet of the whole nineteenth century. The literal-minded reader is baffled by a style which is subtle, based upon the desire to ridicule false, meretricious ideas by gravely seeming to champion these ideas. In *The Latest Decalogue* Clough lashes iniquity with a potent vigor, but he does it indirectly, professing to accept standards which we know are abhorrent to him. Yet who can fail to understand his meaning in—

"Honour thy parents; that is, all
From whom advancement may befall."?

Again, Clough has much of the spirit of mysticism shared by Plato and Thomas à Kempis. He was absorbed in a world beyond the senses, and he knew that much of our spiritual knowledge must be gained not by reason but by that instinctive, contemplative reverie known as illumination. His poem,—

Oh Thou whose image in the shrine
Of human spirits dwells divine;—

is the best illustration of his mystical mood. Unlike such mystics as Vaughan or Blake or Tagore he lacked the impulse to express his mysticism in verse that has the objectively pictorial appeals of beauty. He leaves too much to implication, he makes a greater appeal to the reader's thought than to his imagination.

It has been said too many times that Clough was the poet of hopeless doubt, that he provokes pessimism and despair. Clough did doubt; he sought rational proof to support faith; he wore himself out in purely intellectual debate, but his true attitude is shown, most unequivocally, in the short poem that is best known of all his works:—

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so;
That, howso'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

Before discussing his poetry, it is necessary to study the poet's life, in order to understand how completely his conduct exemplified his ideals. Clough was from boyhood profoundly sensitive to the appeals of moral beauty. From his mother of symbolic name, Anne Perfect, he inherited and learned a deep seriousness of attitude, and the circumstances of his early life, his separation from his family when he was at school in England, ripened a tendency already sharply defined. As the most distinguished pupil of Dr. Arnold's school at Rugby, he showed not only gifts of sheer intellectual power but also, impressively, a nature intensely scrupulous in conduct, earnestly searching out those truths which bear on man's mysterious relation to God. Without being, or seeming, a prig, actually a champion runner and a lover of sport, Clough was a favorite at school. More than his distinction in scholarship his individual attractiveness and charm won him affection and a leader's place. He carried off all the academic honors, and when he left, Rugby lost a presence recognized by all as "touched to fine issues."

At Oxford his power was recognized speedily and his friends learned to respect his stimulating analyses of truth. Living at

Balliol at the time when Newman was at the height of his power and influence, when Oxford reverberated to the footsteps of pilgrims toward the higher life, Clough's vivid nature was quick to respond to the deepest aspirations of those young men who so sincerely endeavored to overthrow apathy and institute the *vita activa* in religion. The Tractarian Movement swept on its way, ending with Newman's entrance into the Roman Catholic Church. Clough, eager at the beginning, became more and more troubled as he saw what began as a movement for reform turn into a debate about dogma and authority. So absorbed was he in the thoughts aroused by this controversy, so driven to analysis and speculation regarding fundamental religious beliefs, that he rather ignored the routine duties of his college work and failed to win the honors his friends expected him to receive. He took an inconspicuous B.A., but he won in 1842 a fellowship at Oriel, the last competition in which, it is said, Newman was one of the examiners. Of course at Oriel he came even more closely into the atmosphere of Newman's group, and his ferment of thought continued,—his endless reading, questioning, debating. His duties he performed with great success, but at the very height of his usefulness he made the decision which seemed to him necessitated by honor of conscience,—he resigned his fellowship on the ground chiefly that he could no longer subscribe to the thirty-nine articles: in short, that he was not in sympathy with Oxford's conservative and sectarian attitude towards religion.

In those days everyone who entered the university had to subscribe to the thirty-nine articles of religion as set forth by the English Church. Few thought twice about the matter, regarding it as a mere tradition to be humored, but Clough, with his intense intellectual honesty, could not take the matter conventionally. The scrupulousness of his action is the more remarkable because he did not deny any of the articles, he merely found it impossible to affirm them satisfactorily; so without making a show, or seeming to demand sympathy, he quietly renounced the deepest hopes and satisfactions of his life, gave up his tutorship and his fellowship and left Oxford.

Such quiet heroism is seldom appreciated, and Clough was

regarded not as a hero but as a problem. To-day we see more clearly how nobly he acted in refusing to be a hypocrite, to receive benefits while he was conscious of uneasy doubts and incomplete loyalty. His renunciation involved the loss of almost all the associations and the friendships he valued. Detaching himself from the place that he loved he became the resident of a world crude, hard, difficult to a man of fine sensibility and a lover of old-established customs and traditions. The Oxford world represented fullness and depth of life. The stateliness of the old gray buildings, the quiet beauty of green quad and of gently flowing river, the sound of mellow chimes coming across the soft air, the almost visible and audible tradition of the place had appealed to him with keenest power. To go away, to feel that sense of loneliness and longing, embittered always by a sense of estrangement due to misunderstanding on the part of his friends tested the very fiber of his spiritual life. Most of all he missed the zest and stimulus of his friendships there, the interchange of ideas, the pursuit of knowledge, the daily contact with men of like tastes and energies. To give up these was essential tragedy.

Soon after leaving Oxford Clough was in Paris with Ralph Waldo Emerson, an event of profound suggestiveness but of scant record for those who would like to know the nature of their conversations. In 1849 he was in Rome, returning in the autumn of that year to become Head of University Hall of University College, London. In 1850 he visited Venice where he received the impulse to begin *Dipsychus* in the latter part of that year. His journey to America in 1852, his arduous work in England at the Education Office, his duties as secretary to a commission for examining scientific military schools on the continent broke down his health, and after a vain journey in search of restoration he came to Florence, where malarial fever, followed by paralysis, ended his life, in 1861.

In approaching the unfinished drama, *Dipsychus*, the reader should bear in mind the fact that it is the most satiric of all of Clough's poems. It is the reverse side of his own life, the negative aspect of his positive action. It presents in loosely dramatic scenes the spiritual irresolution of the typical young

Oxford man who, visiting Venice and delighting in all the shimmering beauty of the city, fascinated by the gay life, is, however, continually debating whether the appeal of the easy and conventional is the appeal of materialism or of good, honest common sense. The higher and the lower natures are in constant interplay, the remonstrant voice of the aspiring, mystical mood of Dipsychus is answered by the satiric Spirit of conformity, the spirit of *laissez-faire* in the world of moral duty, until Dipsychus gives himself over to the care of the Mephisto within himself.

The scene opens in the Piazza at Venice, while Dipsychus, pondering once again the problem of the resurrection, is interrupted, taunted by the Spirit calling attention to the sights and sounds nearby, far more significant than empty musings about religion. So the semi-drama continues, in and about Venice. There are charming pictures of the city, suggested by a vivid line or phrase; all the easy comfort, the picturesque attractiveness is made clear; and yet, always, there is the undercurrent of speculation. The questions Dipsychus is asking, "Is there really evidence to hold us to the truths taught in the Bible? And if the Bible is true, is the teaching sufficient for the needs of the yearning human soul? Does philosophy, being more distinctly based on reason, prove a satisfactory substitute for religion? Are Berkeley and Kant right?—is sensuous experience only an illusion? is thought the only reality? If philosophers prove too abstract, are the poets and artists better guides to living? And, in the last analysis, are we so ringed around by necessity that we have no choice at all? Does the iron law of life compel us to conform? Or, divinest of dreams, has the individual perfect liberty, the power and the right to live his own life, in a sanctity of spirit gained from perfect communion between the Creator and the created? Are the old familiar friends, after all, eternally true?—do faith, hope, love, lead us on to duty, positive, courageous, constructive action?" By every implication Clough asserts his belief in a sort of Pragmatism:—

Yet if we must live, as would seem,
These peremptory heats to claim,
Ah, not for profit, not for fame,
And not for pleasure's giddy dream,

And not for piping empty reeds,
And not for colouring idle dust;
If live we positively must,
God's name be blest for noble deeds.

As a Critique of Pure Worldliness *Dipsychus* is most successful; as a work of art it fails. Readers complain that it is too casual, too disconcerting, a medley of blank verse and of various stanzas; that it moves not logically but chronologically. All of this is true. There are too many influences operative in *Dipsychus*,—reminscences of the plot of *Faust*, suggestions of the manner of Alfred de Musset's *Les Nuits*, direct obligations to the Socratic dialectic, and much that is due to the satiric habit of Lord Byron.

From the literary point of view it is as a satire that *Dipsychus* is most interesting, and it should be judged as a satire on character. Many people make the mistake of censuring it because it has not the dramatic unity of Ben Jonson's satiric comedies, or because it does not lead inexorably onward as does Swift's *Argument Against Abolishing Christianity*, or because it has not the sustained tone of such formal satire as Dryden's terrible *Mac Flecknoe* with its—

"Trust nature, do not labour to be dull."

Clough, it seems, is closest in method and in purpose to Byron. Of course the difference between Byron, as a man, and Clough needs no discussion. It is the moral fastidiousness and uncompromising idealism of Clough which makes him so memorable a person. But Clough enjoyed Byron's satires, was impressed by his attack on Cant and Hypocrisy, and delighted, in an almost undergraduate fashion, in Byron's tricks, his jaunty, adroit manipulation of puns, antitheses, double rhymes, even *doubles entendres*, and anticlimax.

A specimen from Byron will refresh the reader's memory of the finer side of his satires upon hypocrisy:—

But "carpe diem," Juan, "carpe, carpe!"
To-morrow sees another race as gay,
And transient and devour'd by the same harpy.
"Life's a poor player," then "play out the play,
Ye villains!" and above all keep a sharp eye
Much less on what you do than what you say:
Be hypocritical, be cautious, be
Not what you *seem*, but always what you *see*.

Similarly, Clough inveighs against the Victorian snobbery and love of social position:—

"Good manners," said our great aunts, "next to piety :"
And so my friend, hurrah for good society.

This cynicism is carried further by Clough, in order to picture the conventional tone of average religious life of that day:—

Why, as to feelings of devotion
I interdict all vague emotion ;
But if you will, for once and all
Compound with ancient Juvenal.
Orandum est, one perfect prayer
For savoir-vivre and savoir-faire.

The satire varies, there is playful jesting at Oxford's faith in athletics as the cure-all:—

But you with this one bathe, no doubt,
Have solved all questions in and out.

Men's futile and cowardly evasions of direct action are noted:—

Yet as for you,
You'll hardly have the courage to die outright,
You'll somehow halve even it.

More cynical is the picture of the fate of the man who really desires to take his part in active service:—

We ask action,
And dream of arms and conflicts ; and string up
All self-devotion's muscles ; and are set
To fold up papers.

The whimsical verses that follow express a very profound truth, part of Clough's creed:—

Our gaities, our luxuries,
Our pleasures and our glee,
Mere insolence and wantonness,
Alas ! they feel to me.

How shall I laugh and sing and dance ?
My very heart recoils,
While here to give my mirth a chance
A hungry brother toils.

The joy that does not spring from joy
Which I in others see,
How can I venture to employ,
Or find it joy for me ?

The very best of the satire comes in the stanzas that occur as a sort of chorus; these are so consummately ironical that they delude many readers into the belief that Clough approves of accepting a compromise, whereas, in truth, they are almost savagely contemptuous of the man who yields placidly to custom and comfort. There is not, in nineteenth-century English poetry, a more effective example of pure irony than the lines that follow; but irony is usually misunderstood or distrusted by the majority of readers, who do not like enigmas. For those who enjoy paradox, antithesis, feigned cynicism, the play of concealed weapons, Clough offers examples of keenest sort; this is one of his masterpieces:—

Submit, submit!
'Tis common sense, and human wit
Can claim no higher name than it.
Submit, submit!
Devotion, and ideas, and love,
And beauty claim their place above;
But saint and sage and poet's dreams
Divide the light in coloured streams,
Which this alone gives all combined,
The *siccum lumen* of the mind
Called common sense: and no high wit
Gives better counsel than does it.
Submit, submit!

Translate this into its opposite: "Aspire, aspire, follow ideals, and avoid the cheap compromises dictated by prudence and common sense," and we have the philosophy of Clough clearly before us. Every one of these stanzas, to be understood, must be read perversely; and it will ring with passionate exhortation to keep up the good fight against "the power of this world."

For each of us *Dipsychus* has a special sting; we see ourselves as in a mirror, and we are brought into the presence of a good man's withering scorn of our futile evasions and cowardice in meeting life. The placid citizen who goes out each morning, thinking,—

Men's business wits, the only sane things,
These and compliance are the main things,

will learn from Clough that there are "higher, holier things than these." This poet believed in the individual's duty, in the

individual's obligation to take a vigorous part in life. His collected poems bear witness, on almost every page, to this faith. He believed that man must progress, not by shambling along following the habit of the world, forever adapting himself to existing conditions, but by resolute, fearless scrutiny of the world, followed by determined positive action in an effort to change conditions for the better.

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HAMLIN GARLAND, THE MIDDLE-WEST SHORT-STORY WRITER

I

Hamlin Garland is a product of the West and reflects his origin in his writings. It is to his credit, greatly to his credit, that he is distinctive and typical of the middle West, quite as much as Thomas Nelson Page or Joel Chandler Harris is representative of the South, or as Hawthorne is representative of New England.

Hamlin Garland came of Scotch Presbyterian stock and was born in the beautiful La Crosse Valley, Wisconsin, in September, 1860. He calls himself in his recent autobiography a "Son of the Middle Border." His parents were Isabel and Richard Garland who brought up their children in Spartan strenuousness and simplicity, training them to work and earn their living by the sweat of their brow. Hamlin Garland's immediate forebears—the McClintocks as well as the Garlands—were pioneers who lived along the Western frontier about the time of our Civil War and travelled in the prairie schooner from one outpost of civilization to another. Those sturdy pioneers were people of faith and courage, who did not allow the privations and hardships they encountered to prevent them from launching out on a great adventure. They lived through many trying experiences, but they finally saw the triumph of their abounding faith and courage. These experiences are set forth in an engaging manner in *A Son of the Middle Border*,* which is Hamlin Garland's autobiography. This book is a human document of permanent value, not only because it contains the entertaining and instructive record of its author's struggle to success, but also because it is an interesting history of the pioneer days on our Western frontier.

When young Hamlin was seven years old, his family moved from Wisconsin to Iowa, taking up their abode in Winneshiek County. It was here that young Hamlin received that vivid

**A Son of the Middle Border.* By Hamlin Garland. The Macmillan Company.

impression of nature which is reproduced in his stories with so much freshness and vigor. He has given us a graphic picture of his Iowa farm in his fascinating story, "Up the Coolly." He begins his description thus: "A farm in the valley. Over the mountains swept jagged, gray, angry, sprawling clouds, sending a freezing, thin drizzle of rain, as they passed, upon a man following a plow." But the description is too long to quote. As a boy Hamlin Garland worked on his father's farm and was no stranger to unremitting hard work. He tells us about the many difficulties, hardships and exacting toil with which farm life was attended in those pioneer days on our western frontier. When he was only ten years of age, he plowed seventy acres of land and more each succeeding year. "I was so small," he writes, "that I had to reach up to catch hold of the handles of the plow, but I did it. I can remember well how I felt when I started out for my first plowing in the spring. My muscles were then tender, my feet sank down into the soil, throwing my weight on the ankles and the tendons of the feet. By the end of the day I was almost ready to drop with pain, but I had to go. And how my bones did ache the next morning when I was called to go to work! I worked right along, however, going to school in the winter till I was fifteen."

Notwithstanding the incessant toil on the farm young Garland found time to attend school in the winter at least. It was in the Cedarville Academy, in Mitchell County near his home that he acquired the elements of his education. Here he enjoyed the use of a small library, the first he had ever seen, and he eagerly availed himself of its few books. In the local school he attained some distinction in the study of English composition and history and took an active part in the debating society. He had a passion for reading and in one year, as he records, he read nearly one hundred dime novels, "little paper-bound volumes filled with stories of Indians and wild horsemen and dukes and duchesses and men in iron masks, and sewing girls who turned out to be daughters of nobility, and marvelous detectives who bore charmed lives and always trapped the villains at the end of the story." He read every book within reach. He also read better literature, like Milton's *Paradise Lost*, when he had access to it. But he

found Milton hard work. He adds, however, that he derived "considerable joy out of his cursing passages." He found the battle scenes of Milton particularly interesting and used to go about on the farm spouting the extraordinary harangues of Satan with such vigor that one day his team took fright and ran away with the plow, making an erratic furrow embarrassing to explain.

One day in browsing around in his meager school library he stumbled upon Hawthorne's *Mosses from an Old Manse*. He read it with the thrill of a discovery and was entranced. His mental horizon was forthwith widened and broadened. The great Puritan romancer had cast his spell over the young man, and it was several years before the charm was broken. Garland informs us that he read the two volumes of Hawthorne's romantic stories with absorbing interest, carrying them about with him in his pocket as a *vade-mecum*. Hawthorne's stately diction, his rich glowing imagery, his mystical radiance, all united to create in the youthful reader a worshipful admiration and filled him with a profound literary passion which dazzled him by its glory. As such stories of Hawthorne as "The Great Stone Face," "Rappaccini's Daughter," "Drowne and His Wooden Image" cast their magic spell over young Garland, he informs us, for days he walked amid enchanted mist and was almost oblivious of his surroundings; and it was some time before he was able to return to his normal interest. Hawthorne incidentally had furnished him a literary touchstone by which he became qualified to test the quality of other books and other minds; and he gauged men by their like or dislike of the charming New England romancer.

Yet it was not long before Garland passed beyond his formative period and came to realize that Hawthorne's grand manner was not altogether after his own heart. He says that it was a copy of William Dean Howells's *The Undiscovered Country* which he stumbled on one day that broke the Hawthornesque spell and restored him to his true self. As he read this realistic novel, his conservatism was irritated and repelled by Howells's modernity. Strangely enough, Garland had secured the book from a friend who had purchased it for its alluring title, thinking it a book of travel, but who, on discovering it to be a novel, in

sheer disgust wished to sell it for what it might bring, or even to give it away. As Garland read this novel, its grace and precision of style excited alternately his admiration and his resentment. Howells's realism kindled Garland's resentment because it produced the effect of making his literary heroes appear, as he expressed it, "crude or stilted." This novel also had the effect of bringing home to Garland his abiding conviction that, off his guard, even at that early age and despite his absorbing interest in Hawthorne and his profound admiration for his stories, he was himself at heart a realist, not a romanticist.

When Garland's school days came to an end in 1880 and he was confronted with the troublesome question what he was to do after his graduation, he entertained the idea of going into a lawyer's office and preparing himself for the practice of law. But law did not hold out a bright future for him and so he decided against it, as he had previously decided against farming. He then moved with his father to the land of the Dakotas, and up to that time, marvelous to relate, he had never ridden in a railway coach. But the question of a profession had not yet been settled for him. As a last resort he decided somewhat indefinitely to equip himself for teaching literature. But he had no money to pay for the college education. During those impecunious days when he was endeavoring to arrive at a decision as to his life work he took a trip through the far West. On this trip his slender purse of thirty dollars which his father had given him was soon spent, and then he resolved to work as a day laborer in order to make money enough to return to the home of his boyhood. At one time in his quest of work in a cruel world, he informs the reader, he had only six dollars between himself and the wolf of poverty. Yet he was too proud to write to his father or uncle for money to tide him over this period of pecuniary embarrassment, and so he fell back upon his strong arms to earn his daily bread as a laborer. He next conceived the plan of delivering a lecture on literature which he had prepared to recoup his depleted finances. He confided his plan to a young clergyman, who kindly arranged for the lecture at one or two of the churches on his circuit. Garland's brother Frank then came to the rescue and the two brothers arranged

for a lecture tour of the West. Unfortunately the lecture tour proved a sad disappointment and the brothers soon found their way to Chicago in search of employment. In Chicago Hamlin Garland heard Edwin Booth, the prince of the American stage, in *Hamlet* and was so inspired by that great actor's interpretation and rendition of Hamlet that he resolved to visit Boston to study and equip himself for the literary career which then was the dream of his life. So, setting out with little money but with plenty of resolution, the young rolling stone, in company with his brother, made his way by Niagara Falls to Boston. Hamlin was entranced with historic Boston and its environs, and though his imagination was kindled, his straightened circumstances prevented the realization of his literary plans. At length, their money exhausted, the brothers started out on their return, working their way back to Chicago. This tramp through the East at least enabled them to see the country more thoroughly than they had seen it from the train on their outward trip. Hamlin Garland's comment on his trip is suggestive: "Each day the world grew blacker and the men of the Connecticut Valley more cruel and relentless. We both came to understand (not to the full, but in a large measure) the bitter rebellion of the tramp. To plod on and on in the dusk, rejected of comfortable folk, to couch at last with pole-cats in a shock of grain, is a liberal education in sociology."

Hardly had Hamlin Garland arrived in Chicago before he set out on a trip to the West to stake a claim in the land of the "straddle-bug," as he expresses it, where the Government was partitioning out homesteads on the vast prairie domains. Here in the far West his dormant ambition to become a teacher of literature again asserted itself and he addressed himself in real earnest to the study of Chambers' *Encyclopædia of English Literature*, Taine's *English Literature* and Green's *History of the English People*. But he could study only intermittently, for he was serving as a clerk in a store his father had opened for the convenience of the settlers, and consequently he had innumerable interruptions. His duties as a clerk conflicted with his work as a student, and consequently he did not succeed in either capacity. His father, commenting on his son's indifferent success as a

clerk, remarked, "Hamlin could not sell gold dollars for ninety cents apiece." A Maine clergyman who was one day a chance visitor at the store, learning of Garland's ambition to fit himself for teaching literature, urged him to go to Boston and take a special course under the professor of literature at Harvard and, moreover, gave him a letter to the principal of a school of oratory there. Garland eagerly accepted the suggestion and, acting on it, immediately proceeded to mortgage his land claim for two hundred dollars; and with this sum of money, despite his father's opposition, he started out for the land of Emerson, Longfellow, and Hawthorne.

In the autumn of 1884, Garland took up his residence in Boston, locating near the Public Library. However, he modified his plan about the Harvard lectures he had purposed to attend, for he found it impracticable to enter Harvard, or even the Boston University, for that matter. He had to content himself with the facilities for self-education the Public Library afforded, and that proved to be his university. Here day after day and night after night he read assiduously upon his chosen subject—English literature. He studied early English poetry and outlined a series of lectures he fondly hoped to publish some day, under the title, "The Development of English Ideals." But he never carried out this ambitious project. In his extensive reading he became acquainted with Whitman's famous *Leaves of Grass*, then a proscribed book; and that volume, he avers, changed the world for him. "I rose from that first reading [i. e., of *Leaves of Grass*] with a sense of having been taken up into high places and the spiritual significance of America was let loose upon me." He also grappled with the mighty and profound masters of evolution, such as Darwin, Spencer, Fiske, Helmholtz, and Haeckel. But his reading was more extensive than intensive, and he felt that he studied nothing very thoroughly, which was a source of regret and dissatisfaction to him.

Garland prized very highly one opportunity above all which Boston afforded him, and that was the opportunity of seeing and hearing Edwin Booth in the four greatest Shakespearean tragedies—*Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Othello* and *Macbeth*. These performances stimulated his imagination and proved a powerful in-

centive to him in the field of oratory, of poetry, and of the drama. For Booth expressed to him the soul of English literature and the music of English speech, and the consummate acting of that master artist exhibited to him at once painting, sculpture, and music. Booth produced a most profound impression upon Garland, so that he could not sleep for hours after hearing the great actor. As he would close his eyes for sleep, Garland tells us that he could still hear the solemn chant, "Duncan is in his grave. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." Under the influence of these performances Garland wrote a series of studies of the tragedian in his chief rôles.

II

It was during those inspiring days in Boston that Hamlin Garland felt the creative impulse in his own soul and resolved to give expression to it. There, accordingly, he wrote his first sketch, "The Corn Husking," and also his first poem, "Lost in the Norther." The former he published in the *New American Magazine* and the latter in *Harper's Weekly*. For his poem the magazine paid him twenty-five dollars, which he prized very highly as the first money he ever received from his pen, and it is significant of his own unselfishness, as well as of his gratitude to his parents, that with the check for his poem he purchased his mother a silk dress and his father a copy of Grant's *Memoirs*. It was about this juncture that he made the acquaintance of Joseph Kirkland. Kirkland had read some of Garland's western sketches and had manifested considerable interest in the coming writer and was urging him to write fiction. Garland, however, felt that he had no special aptitude for fiction writing because he could not manage the dialogue, but he determined to try his hand at it anyway. He tried and kept on trying, till at length, by dint of earnest application and unremitting labor, he succeeded.

After a long stay in Boston, Garland decided to return to his home and visit his parents. On this visit his mother related him a tale of an old woman who made a trip back to her native New York state after an absence of thirty years in the West. Garland was deeply impressed with the tale and determined to write it up for publication. He remarked to his mother, "That is too

good to lose. I'm going to write it out." And to amuse her, he added, "Why, that's worth seventy-five dollars to me. I'll go halves with you!" Thereupon she held out her hand in jest, remarking, "Very well; you may give me my share now." "Wait," he begged, "till I write it." On his return to Boston he completed the story his mother had related to him and published it in *The Century*; and true to his promise, he sent his mother a check for half of the honorarium he received. This was Garland's first short story, and its reception definitely determined for him his future as a short-story writer. So his visit to the West was important in the procession of Hamlin Garland's struggling fortunes, for it marked the beginning of his career as a writer of fiction. After his return to Boston he occupied his time writing short stories, but the editors were by no means so eager to accept his short stories as he was enthusiastic in writing them. So most of those stories Garland dispatched to the magazines in feverish haste soon found their way back to their author, accompanied with the disappointing and disheartening comment, "Declined with thanks." But Garland had faith and confidence in himself, and though somewhat discouraged for the time, comforted himself with the sage reflection that he was at least receiving the ablest editorial judgment upon his stories, and that this criticism would inevitably elevate the character of his work, in the end, up to the standard of the best periodicals.

The more friendly editors would occasionally accompany the rejected manuscript with a soothing personal note. Some of the less sympathetic ones, on the contrary, protested against what they described as the author's "false interpretation of western life" and urged him instead to write "charming love stories." But Garland wrote from principle and was not to be deterred by any siren voice from making his stories—realist that he was—true to life as he knew it. So having taken this position he was prepared and resolved to defend it by his practice, regardless of literary convention.

Garland reasoned that as other writers told the truth about the city life they described, so he should tell the truth about the farm life and the barn-yard's daily grind which he described.

To quote his justification in his own words, "Farming is not entirely made up of berrying, tossing the new-mown hay, and singing *The Old Oaken Bucket* on the porch by moonlight. The working farmer has to live in February as well as in June. He must pitch manure as well as clover. Milking as depicted on a blue china plate where a maid in a flounced petticoat is caressing a gentle Jersey cow in a field of daises, is quite unlike sitting down to the steaming flank of a stinking brindle heifer in flytime. Pitching odorous timothy in a poem and actually putting it into a mow with the temperature at 98 degrees in the shade are widely separated in fact as they should be in fiction. For me, the grime and the mud and the sweat and the dust exist. They still form a large part of life on the farm, and I intend that they shall go into my stories in their proper proportions."

Garland engaged in a reform movement in Boston in association with the Single-Taxers, as the followers of Henry George were called. He also took an active part in the Anti-Poverty campaign. But his activities in social reforms did not prevent him from steadily producing stories of western life, upon which he worked most industriously. He made it a point, also, to extend his acquaintance among men of letters. Prominent among those he met in Boston was William Dean Howells, then in the flood-tide of his powers. This was in the eighties, and at that time, as will be recalled, Howells divided the reading public of the Hub city into two rather hostile camps, according as they believed his heroines true to life or mere caricatures. Now, Garland, though at the beginning of his literary career an assailant of the ideals of the realistic school of which Howells was the protagonist, had meanwhile experienced a change of heart and ended by becoming a public advocate of Howells. Furthermore, Garland in his own short stories practised the methods and principles of realism and was fast becoming recognized as no unworthy exponent of that school. But this radical change in him was not effected all of a sudden. It was the result of a gradual process which began with his first reading Walt Whitman, then Howells and finally Henry James, and which developed with his own independent line of thought. Garland as a struggling young author endeavoring to make name for himself was greatly encouraged and helped by

Howells's kind words of praise and sympathy. Howells remarked to him one day that the writers of fiction, east, south and west seemed to be working in accordance with a great principle which is this: "American literature, in order to be great, must be national, must deal with conditions peculiar to our own land and climate. Every genuinely American writer must deal with the life he knows best and for which he cares the most. Thus Joel Chandler Harris, George W. Cable, Joseph Kirkland, Sarah Orne Jewett, and Mary Wilkins, like Bret Harte, are but varying phases of the same movement, a movement which is to give us a really vital and original literature."

Garland developed a rather radical spirit in literature. His realism became more pronounced. He regarded himself as an impressionist rather than a realist. He wrote his stories out of an abiding conviction that they must be true to western farm life, and, no doubt, he was right. One of his earliest stories was "A Prairie Heroine" and was a study of a crisis in the life of a despairing farmer's wife. It was a grim and radical story, almost tragic in its realism, or impressionism. This brought its author one hundred dollars and appeared in *The Arena*, which printed a number of Garland's early short stories. In 1890 *The Century* printed one of Garland's short stories entitled "A Spring Romance," and soon this coming author who a few years before was rejected of the magazines came to have the satisfaction of seeing his stories much sought after by the editors. In 1891, when in his thirty-first year, Garland published his maiden volume of short stories, *Main Travelled Roads*, which contained six Mississippi Valley sketches. This picturesque title was borrowed from a common expression in the West. The Foreword of the book was grimly sardonic. It reads: "The main travelled road in the west (as everywhere) is hot and dusty in summer and desolate and drear with mud in the fall and spring, and in winter the winds sweep the snows across it, but it does sometimes cross a rich meadow where the songs of the larks and blackbirds and bobolinks are tangled. Follow it far enough, it may lead past a bend in the river where the water laughs eternally over its shallows. Mainly it is long and weariful and has a dull little town at one end, and a home of toil at the other. Like the main

travelled road of life, it is traversed by many classes of people, but the poor and the weary predominate."

This first book of Garland's provoked both praise and criticism. Howells, E. C. Stedman, E. E. Hale, T. W. Higginson, C. D. Warner, and other eastern critics were very generous in their applause of the volume. The western critics were quite as prompt in their adverse criticism. The book contained a note of revolt. Though fiction, it was frankly of the nature of a polemic, and was designed to convey a message of protest. It has been described quite aptly as a drab volume of realism. Its reception by the general public, however, despite the adverse chorus of critics from the west, was a source of much gratification to its author. The book, as was intended, showed up the seamy side of life on a western farm, and this was the ground for provocation of the hostile critics of that section. They held that the author ought to have portrayed the bright and pretty side of western farm life and glossed over the seamy side, or better still, not have mentioned it at all. But those critics did not know Hamlin Garland.

Main Travelled Roads demonstrated in a clear and unmistakable manner that its author would make the other authors of his section of the country who had already "arrived" look to their laurels. Aside from Edward Eggleston's *Hoosier Schoolmaster*, Howe's *Story of a Country Town*, and Joseph Kirkland's *Zury*, Garland, as he put it, had the middle West almost entirely to himself, and he was right. For at that time William Allen White, Albert Biglow Payne, Stewart Edward White, George Ade, Emerson Hough, Rex Beach, Meredith Nicholson, Jack London, and Booth Tarkington, as stars, had not yet risen above the horizon and of course had not come into the ken of the watchers of the western literary heavens.

After the publication of his initial volume Garland continued as before to write assiduously, and his short stories were in demand. He now realized that he could depend upon his facile pen for his livelihood. Accordingly he severed his connection with the Boston School of Oratory. As the tide in letters seemed to be setting strongly toward New York City, he also moved to the great metropolis which was fast becoming the literary centre of

America. But, as it turned out, he established himself there only temporarily and contributed short stories of western life to *The Century*, *Harper's*, and other magazines of that type. He came very speedily to realize that a son of the middle border should live in the region whence he came, and so he moved to Chicago, where he established himself in the year of the great exposition. Soon after this he bought a homestead in the La Crosse Valley for his aged parents where they might spend in peace and comfort their declining years.

Hamlin Garland's genius has been quite prolific. He has to his credit a long list of books, including both short stories and novels. Among these, not to give a complete catalogue, may be mentioned *The Forester's Daughter*, *Cavanaugh*, *Forest Ranger*, *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*, *Prairie Folks*, *The Trial of the Gold Seekers*, *Boy Life on the Prairie*, *Victor Ollner's Discipline*, *They of the High Trails*, *Other Main Travelled Roads*, *The Long Trails*, *The Moccasin Ranch*, etc. Many of his stories are decidedly unconventional, such as "A Spoil of Office" and "Crumbling Idols." Garland is an impressionist and has always made it a principle to paint life as he saw it. It is to his credit that he has been profoundly interested in life, especially life of the middle border of the West, such as is seen among the plain and simple farm folk. He knows this type of life most intimately, and paints it as it is, or at least as he sees it. In this field he stands unapproached, for he has made it peculiarly his own. His stories of this type of life are decidedly stimulating, refreshing, and original. They smack of the soil, and have won for their author a distinguished place among our foremost American short-story writers.

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VENICE DELIVERED

Venice boasts a history no less marvelous than the fascination of her undying charm. Born of the storm and stress attendant on barbarian migration, on the invasions of Northern Italy by Attila's Huns, by Goths, Lombards and Gauls, cradled in seaweed, slime, and mud, she rose to rule the waves and with the waves much of the dry land east and west, wherever barter and exchange carried the banner with the winged lion, which was hoisted on the flag-staffs of her Piazza, topping the colors of royal and ducal houses once regnant in the vast territories she had conquered. Independent from the very beginning, for her people "had not sought the shelter of her shoals and shallows to live under a lord," she made light of emperors and kings, nay, of the Pope himself, neither Ghibelline nor Guelf, considering her tutelar saint, St. Mark, who in that capacity had displaced St. Theodore, of equal worth with St. Peter and therefore the Patriarch of her choosing hardly inferior to the Roman Pontiff.

Her admirals swept the seas clean of rival craft "like falcons gripping their quarry." Her traders warned competition off with their redoubtable battle-cry, San Marco! While she extended her sway over the mainland of Italy, the Dalmatian coast, and the islands of the *Ægean*, her master-mariners and traffickers, gathering riches which made them shine among the honorable of the earth, cut out dominions for themselves and founded dynasties at the example of Marco Sanudo, who set up as Duke of Naxos and Paros. In contemporary literature her wealth eclipsed that of Cræsus: Elicia, for instance, talking business with her still more disreputable casual employer, la Celestina, refers to the prodigious opulence of Venice as a matter of common knowledge. Her cupidity became a proverb and a byword among the nations of three continents. Her worsted adversaries, ostensibly scandalized at her insatiable greed and domineering arrogance where jealousy of her prosperity was the real grievance, formed the League of Cambrai, intended for a knock-out after the blow struck by Vasco da Gama rounding the Cape of Good Hope, at the news of which,

according to Girolamo Priuli's diary, "all Venice was alarmed and amazed." And well she might be, for it sounded as if a commandment had been given by heaven to destroy the strongholds also of this merchant city, too proud successor of Tyre.

Though the League of Cambrai did not achieve its immediate object, it accelerated the decline brought about by the English and the Dutch emulating the Portuguese in the field of oriental commerce. Venice lost her monopoly of trade and consequent predominance. After her period of ascent with energetic figures standing out from the pages of her annals and chronicles, men of might whose images still live and move on the walls and ceilings of the Ducal Palace by the magic of Tintoretto's brush, she followed the current of her deflected course, fitfully, with diminishing lustre, like one of those gaily decked floats that drift down the Canal Grande in the glare of smoking torches, with faded and tarnished streamers after a day of brave display. The Doge, mere figurehead of the ship of state, gradually shorn of his prerogatives, changed from a ruler more puissant than any monarch into the "grandpapa" of a family of pleasure-seeking, irresponsible children.

Venice was overwhelmed by luxury and corresponding corruption just as in the dreaded *burrasche*, the sudden gales from the East, her islands, when still unreclaimed, were submerged by the surf of the white-crested billows rolling in. The efflorescence of her decaying grandeur made her the Babylon of the waters. Dwelling carelessly, the Queen of the Adriatic, of the Mediterranean and beyond, opened in her wonderful abode of palatial counting-houses a continual vanity fair of which her celebrated carnival capped the climax. The sons of her heroes and famous statesmen who, sword in hand or by their astute diplomacy, had forced the world's pace in their search for new markets and decided for peace or war as the spiritual and temporal directors of its destinies met for consultation within her gates, were satisfied with the daily routine of their *messetta*, *bassetta e donnetta*, a little mass to attend in the morning, a little game of cards to while the afternoon away, a little woman to spend the evening with. Those little women of Venice! Rare porcelain, said of them a foreign connoisseur, especially fragile on the side

of their morals. From their fastidious affectation and dressy elegance that demanded loudly a rigid enforcement of the flagrantly transgressed sumptuary laws, it was a far cry to the simplicity of the days when a Dogaressa, the Greek wife of Domenico Selvo, met with ridicule because she wore perfumed gloves and at meals sported a fork in addition to the ancestral knife and spoon. The little game of cards took soon the form of furious gambling. Temples dedicated to Dame Fortune, such as the notorious ridotto near San Moise, drained steadily the Venetian gilded youth, striplings, and graybeards of their cash and man's estate. Since letters patent of nobility were for sale at the price of a hundred thousand ducats, the metal of the *libro d'oro*, the sacrosanct golden book of the blue-blooded patricians, turned into an amalgam of much baser composition. And so, to permit ourselves oriental floridity of speech in depicting this orientally tinged society, the aristocracy of St. Mark's was smashed by its toppling canopy of dignity; its excellence and splendor terminated as an admonition to posterity.

Politically, Venice was living at haphazard, remarked Paolo Renier, her last Doge but one, addressing the Great Council on April 30th, 1789. Her strength had waned to the point of making it doubtful whether she was more likely to succumb to her growing internal debility or to the remedies proposed by interested alien friends. Europe, shaking on its time-worn foundations when declarations of the rights of man were emphasized by the sanguinary lowering into the dust of crowned heads, wondered what would be the end of the shrunken, decrepit body politic that used to lord it as the Dominante. French and Austrian armies overran Venetian territory in deadly conflict. Napoleon Buonaparte appeared on the scene, "God's instrument to exterminate the wicked, effete Republic." Starting on his Italian exploits, he expelled the Teuton soldiery of the house of Habsburg, who, as others of their race had often done before, during, and after the Western Empire and throughout the Middle Ages, were devastating the fertile plains of Lombardy; or who, later on either in hordes of mingled tribal origin or in mercenary bands engaged by some *condottiere*, were continually waging war for the best-paying potentate at variance with his neighbors, ex-

tending their depredations to the Gulf of Naples and to Reggio, whence, crossing the Strait of Messina, they had pushed their career of plunder and rapine into Sicily. Then, subduing the Peninsula, the sleek-haired Corsican united under his sway the whole of Italy, aiming, in his fashion, at the goal suggested to its princes by the sharp intellect of Machiavelli, and anticipating, also in his fashion, the great achievement of Cavour.

But the union, so quickly effected, was of short duration. Napoleon undid his work, quite in accordance with the principle of French policy,—expounded by Richelieu and acted upon down to our own time, which proved such a formidable obstacle to the final consummation of Italian unity,—namely, that France must by all means prevent the danger of a potent state developing on her flank, and therefore exert herself to keep Italy divided and weak. As regards the Republic of Venice, even its infirm liberty of action clashed with his plans for supremacy in the Mediterranean and eastern conquest. So he seized upon the pretext furnished by the massacre of French troops quartered in Verona and by the French man-of-war *Libérateur d'Italie* having been fired at from a fort on the Lido and from Venetian galleys, to pronounce its doom, May 1st, 1797. Obeying instructions, issued from Palmanova, his General Louis Baraguay d'Hilliers occupied on May 15th the capital. The preliminaries of the Treaty of Campo Formio, signed at Leoben, a month earlier, had, however, provided a basis for the negotiations which led to his disposal of Venice in favor of Austria. Ceasing to exist as a free agent in the continuous trial of strength and skill between the Powers that once truckled to her frowns and smiles, she was delivered to the high bidder at Vienna. Her victor played his cards without scruple or compunction. Thrown down as a trump in his little game with the Emperor Franz II, his future father-in-law, the dethroned sovereign of the deep found herself sold and crushed between hammer and anvil, *fra Marco e Todaro*, to cast the phrase in its Venetian mold, which alludes to the evangelist's winged lion and St. Theodore with his crocodile on the Piazzetta. We can imagine the last Doge, Lodovico Manin, sadly divesting himself of his ducal bonnet and ordering his servant to put it away for "it will not be wanted any more."

Notwithstanding Napoleon's elsewhere momentarily successful measures to coalesce the Italian principalities under his sole control, the term Italy had at his fall no significance beyond that of a purely geographic expression always attached to it. Holding Lombardy and Venetia, the Emperor of Austria came out of the Congress of Vienna as virtually admitted to the overlordship of the greater part of the Centre and South of the Peninsula too. In a land exhausted by the requisitions of *la grande armée du petit coporal* by the burden of his consular and imperial will and pleasure, the substitution even of Austrian methods was hailed with a rash sigh of relief. The Archduke Johann had been sent to Venice to receive her oath of allegiance and the Venetians, though painfully conscious of their foreign yoke, made the best of circumstances they could not alter and adjusted themselves *volens volens* to the kind of government evolved at Vienna to meet the requirements of the situation. Profoundly humiliated, they offered meantime easy material for inoculation with the revolutionary doctrine of which Mazzini was the leading apostle. His teachings, opposed in Piedmont by the moderate reformers, filtered into Venetia from the Romagna, a chosen stamping-ground of the Carbonari since the civil administration of the Papal States was practically controlled by Austria and therefore favored with the close attention of all conspirators whose lodges were influenced, more or less, by the arch-conspirator, then a refugee in London.

Overshooting its mark, the shortsighted severity of the Austrian officials and officers, accentuated by the excesses of the Austria rank and file, had also much to do with the stirring up of slumbering Venetian patriotism. Petty violations of the innumerable edicts and ordinances, the possession, for instance, of an unauthorized translation of the Bible, were twisted into heinous crimes, punishable with imprisonment or worse. Prohibition followed prohibition; orders and contra-orders arrived from the Ballhaus-Platz in swift succession. "Have we so much authority in the world," asked Heinrich Heine, apropos of the overbearing rudeness of Austrian drill-masters he saw abusing recruits at Lucca, "that the German language has become the language of command? Or is it perhaps because we Germans are

so accustomed to being commanded that obedience understands German better than any other language?" Discontent and hate of the oppressors grew. The secret societies increased in number and activity. Giving food to the agitation they tried to repress, the Austrian police redoubled their irritating interference with every act and gesture not officially prescribed. In Padua they caused a riot by forbidding the use of tobacco between which and rebellious licence they mistrusted some occult relation; in Venice they arrested those who exhibited for sale or bought and wore the felt hats with broad brims, known as Calabrian hats and considered dangerous to Church and State because of the liberal, ergo seditious ideas mysteriously germinating in the heads thus covered.

On the 22nd of March, 1848, the memorable year of fierce political ferment, the Venetians rose in dead earnest, taking heart from an outbreak of the widespread excitement in Vienna. But, tempted by an ill-advised if comprehensible sense of their native soil's importance, they neglected to establish the necessary accord with the simultaneous efforts in Lombardy. The proclamation of the Republic of San Marco, with Daniele Manin for its President, did not fit into a scheme of cordial coöperation for a general revolt against Habsburg absolutism, already imperilled by the indecision of Carlo Alberto venturing falteringly on the road to a really united Italy. Desultory covenants, as the statutory union of Venetia and Piedmont, saddled, *à l'instar* of Milan, with reservations touching the eventual system of government, stimulated rather than neutralized the separatist tendencies of the movement. At any rate the prospects of emancipation were seriously impaired by the battle of Novara, March 23rd, 1849, which brought the Austrians back, again burdening Venice and the rich hinterland from the lagoons to the Ticino with the accustomed heavy servitude. Resulting also in the coronation of Victor Emanuel II after his father's abdication, it helped, however, to inaugurate the patient, assiduous travail, thanks to which at last, by the Treaty of Vienna, October 3rd, 1866, the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom was formally and definitely recognized to be an integral part of Italy.

Meanwhile the Crimean War left its mark, and so did the

Treaties of Villafranca, July 11th, and of Zurich, November 11th, 1859, by which France acquired Savoy and Nice as a result of the crafty diplomacy of Napoleon III. His promised assistance in the liberation of Venice and Lombardy amounted at the time to nothing more than the stipulation that theoretically they should be members of the Italian federation while actually they remained an appanage of the house of Habsburg. As before, the Habsburgs ruled with an iron hand, which they scarcely went to the trouble of rendering less obnoxious by adopting the palliative of a velvet glove. Their despotic policy, which brooked no criticism, interdicting free speech and gagging the press, obstructed all progress, all commercial and industrial initiative. As in 1797 the Austrian occupation meant the abandonment of the great works of public utility planned by Napoleon, so now whatever had survived of trade and productive activity was strangled by immoderate taxation, exorbitant import and export duties, preposterously minute and vexatious regulations that impeded traffic not only with other countries but by means of imposts and excises between town and town, in the Lombardo Venetian provinces themselves. If Vienna had intended their economic ruin, the effect could not have been more gratifying. Visiting Venice in 1864, Taine wrote that 30,000 of its 120,00 inhabitants were paupers. A peasant woman whom he accosted to inquire whether the people liked the Austrians, gave the characteristic answer: "O yes, of course we like them—outside [*fuori*]."

When the young Emperor Franz Joseph, animated by the wish to amend the intolerable state of affairs for the sake of assuring his hold on that portion of his heritage, appointed his brother Maximilian to its governorship with directions for a milder administration, Daniele Manin, then an exile in Paris, voiced the sentiments of his countrymen by saying in the bitter strain of Taine's *contadina*: "We do not care for Austria mending her ways in Italy; we want Austria to go." Accomplishing step by step the lofty task he had set himself, Cavour needed no such reminders to concentrate his energy on that desideratum,—the going of Austria. He judged its fulfilment so essential that he side-tracked for it, temporarily, the

Roman question, entering into close relations with Prussia which, after Königgrätz, led to a due acknowledgement of Italy's rights on Lombardy and Venetia in the preliminaries of peace signed at Nikolsburg, July 26th, and in the Treaty of Prague, August 24th, 1866. Commanded by their *Re Galantuomo*, the Italian troops had shown their mettle and notwithstanding their defeat at Custozza, which left the Quadrilateral in the enemy's hands, the Austrians were obliged to evacuate Venice too. There-against counted the disappointing orders to stop the operations of Garibaldi and Cialdini who, at the head of their conquering legions, were well on the road respectively to Trent and Trieste.

This happened at the advice of Napoleon III, through whose intervention the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom of the house of Habsburg was finally to be joined to the domains of the house of Savoy on condition of the assent of the populations concerned in the deal. The assent of Venetia never hung in doubt. A plebiscite declared by 740,000 against 60 votes for union with Italy. We shall not recapitulate here the story of the further completion of Italian unity and of the unremitting toil foretold in Massimo d'Azeglio's dictum: "Italy having been made, we now have to make the Italians." Inevitably a slow process, too slow for many impetuous patriots, the work of blending the incoherent, frequently inimical local appetencies and ideals, and of disciplining them into combined national endeavor, prospered, however, exceedingly. After half a century of the melting-pot, an Italian statesman of the next dispensation, one of those who watched over the realm in a critical period of its ripening childhood, Antonino, Marquis of San Giuliano, could truthfully say that without question an impartial posterity would call its growth rapid, fecund, and magnificent: the sources of Italy's wealth had been developed, her finances placed on a firm footing, liberal reforms introduced, a strong army and navy created, the public spirit raised to a level which qualified it for the hardest tests.

Regenerated Italy did not lag behind in the onward march of Italy. Her enthusiasm in the common cause was finely illustrated at the consecration of the rebuilt bell-tower of St. Mark's on April 25th, 1912. The collapse of the reputedly imperishable

paron di casa, whose sempiternal sturdiness was paid homage to in the Venetian climax of negation—not though the Campanile should fall!—had been considered a most evil portent. The greater the joy when, without any calamity intervening, the deep voice of the Marangona, its big bell, that used to summon to their several stations the men employed at the Arsenal, tolled again over the lagoons, rising above the equally cherished sounds of the Nona, the Pregadi, the Trotтира and the Renghiera. The latter having been recast at the expense of Pope Pius X, for the Marangona alone escaped unscathed, they rang out, pealing merrily, heightening the festive mood of the populace, punctuating Mameli's Hymn of Unity, sung by a choir of school-children, and the Cantata, expressly composed for the occasion, whose appropriate words roused to fresh fervency the memories of the city's illustrious past, of its supreme control over the wide expanse of water and land from Levante to Ponente, from where the sun rises to where the sun sets. While these recollections, kindling new aspirations, flowed harmoniously from thousands of little throats to Benedetto Marcello's setting of the 32nd Psalm, the hearts of the parents and of all present went out to that nearest yet unredeemed fraction of their patrimony, Venezia Giulia, still in the grip of Austria, the despoiler of the ancient Republic. And as they remembered that once they were masters of the eastern coast of the Adriatic too, that in 1848 sailors from Pirano, Italian brothers from *l'altra sponda*, had helped them to drive the Austrians out, it seemed to augur well for the future liberation of Italia Irredenta in its widest sense, that the solemn act of their Patriarch, the Cardinal Cavallari, hallowing by his prayer their *excelsa turris*, was attended by the Duke of Aosta, representing his cousin, Victor Emmanuel III; that for the first time in history the names of a Pope, himself a Venetian from Riese in the Marca Trevigiana, and of a King of Italy stood officially conjoined as they stand in the commemorative inscription preserved in the bell-chamber for the inspection of coming generations.

Living the life of Italy she now belonged to with every fibre of her soul, even to the point of taking part in such demonstrations as the general strike declared in 1904 by the Committee

of Resistance in answer to alleged provocations from Signor Luzzati's Cabinet, Venice, far more than Milan, Genoa, or Turin, those hotbeds of trouble between capital and labor, made herself felt in the outbursts of Irredentism which showed so plainly the dissent of the masses from a course in international politics that drew Italy into the orbit of Teuton ambition. Implacable opposition to this line of conduct adopted at the Palazzo della Consulta she owed to herself and to her traditions, nor was she inclined to accept Baron Sonnino's excuse for pressing the country into the Triple Alliance, that, namely, the principle of nationality could not always be rigorously adhered to. Despite the nation's disapprobation, clearly expressed in Venetia and Lombardy if anywhere, the Italian government turned the fatal corner in its vexation at having been imposed upon by the Congress of Berlin in the matter of its indefensible northern frontier, at having been tricked by the subsequent French occupation of Tunis. Thus thoroughly mortified, Italy was prevailed upon to put up with the second alternative comprised in Count Nigra's paradoxal statement that her relationship with Austria had to be one either of overt hostility or of mutual support. "This instrument of peace be blessed!" exclaimed the Prince of Reuss, German envoy to the Viennese Court, when, May 20th, 1882, he affixed his signature to the treaty which embodied the unnatural compact. Later on, the Emperor Wilhelm II, toasting his guest, King Umberto, referred to it in the same tone as "concluded in the interest of peace." Renewed every five years, it lasted until May 23rd, 1915, when the Italian government signified by its declaration of war that it had awakened to a right comprehension of German and Austrian protestations of peaceful intent. With regard to Venice and the Adriatic in particular, there was Trieste, there were Pola and Fiume, steadfast Zara and rock-screened Sebenico, Spalato of imperial renown, intrepid Ragusa and invincible Cattaro, the numerous commercial and naval harbors of *l'altra sponda*, down to Avlona, that menaced and menace a healthy maritime development—not to mention the never relinquished title to Petraraca's

. . . . sunny vale

Where our sea most closely hugs the land.

Venice had not been overlooked in the campaign of pacific penetration organized by German foresight to prepare Italy for the part she was desired to play at the hour of fraudulent Caesarism dropping the mask to strike. A goodly number of the 50,000 Teutons domiciliated in the Peninsula to assist the German propaganda under various disguises, had their centre of activity in the shadow of St. Mark's, a convenient point for attuning the intrigues and machinations of unavowed, in fact, unavowable agents, paid from Austrian and German reptile funds to execute the plots hatched in Vienna and Berlin. Clandestinely associated in that procedure through subterranean channels, Austria seconded openly the attempt of German diplomacy, ultimately intensified in the Prince von Bülow's ambassadorial exertions, to make the Quirinal accessory to the design of forming a Central Empire which was to subjugate the rest of Europe, and Asia too. But the Quirinal showed no more compliance this time than it had done at Algeciras, according to the Prince's plaintive statement to the Federal Council when he served his Kaiser as the All-highest Chancellor during the Morocco imbroglio. The *casus fœderis* determined by the provisions of the Triple Alliance did not apply. And Italian sentiment no less than the prospect of territorial gain to satisfy irredentist longings, the "sacred egoism" appealed to by Signor Salandra when he deprecated Signor Giolitti's objections, ran altogether the other way. Repudiating the views of their ultras, even the Socialists resolved at length to submit to the bellicose departure and not to embarrass the government, at all events not to resort to obstructive violence,—witness their discouraging reception of Messrs. Südekum and Greulich, German emissaries of their political color and creed, suspected of having the gospel of *sabotage* up their sleeves. Bolshevist indiscretion has revealed the text of the secret treaty, concluded in London on April 26, 1915, with Great Britain, France, and Russia, which, four weeks later, ushered Italy into the war. We also know, in the light of a new treaty, how Italy's demands have been modified conformably with the change in her attitude toward the Yugo-Slav movement which, in April of this year, become a significant feature of the Congress of Oppressed Nationalities held in Rome.

This was after Caporetto, after the reverse which followed the disastrous retreat from the Isonzo front and carried the Austrians again into the plains of Northern Italy near to Venice. The atrocities reported from the track of their newly launched invasion of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, recall the fusillades of Radetzky, "the devil's crony," accused of condemning batches of harmless old men and young boys to face his firing squads; the public whippings of Haynau, "the hyena of Brescia," who had women and girls stripped and lashed for his and his boon companions' amusement. Rushing the passes of a mountainous border, whose defence was handicapped by the delimitation of the Austro-Italian boundaries in keeping with the requirements of the European concert forty years ago, the arch-enemy's advance pushed the Italian armies back to the Tagliamento, from the Tagliamento to the Livenza, from the Livenza to the Piave. Fortunately, by opening the sluices that control the water supply from the Piave and the Sile, or Old Piave, an efficacious barrier could be interposed between the Austrian left wing and the fortresses which protect the approaches to Venice on the mainland as the batteries on the islands do the approaches through the lagoons. Unfortunately, Venice, thus fortified because of its being a naval station, could not claim exemption from bombardment and aerial attack.

Not that such a claim would have availed Venice very much, for we heard every day not only of the damage done to her wondrous historical monuments by air raids quite unnecessary from a military standpoint, but also of the destruction of architectural masterworks and incidentally other marvels of art in unfortified towns. After all, Italy had had warning from Louvain, from Arras, from Reims, from many wantonly wasted places in Belgium and France. From the German press, which proved, if further proof were wanted, that those vandalic outrages, condoned on the mendacious plea of stringent necessity, glossed over with the poor excuse of accident or the individual fury of crapulous berserkers, simply constituted intrinsic items of a methodically conceived and systematically persevered in programme of frightfulness. "If Italian statemen," declared the *Dresdener Nachrichten*, "have supposed that the art treasures of their

country are a species of insurance against our energetic conduct of the war, they will experience some bitter disappointments. . . . When the monuments and cathedrals, the statues and the pictures, the churches and the palaces of Venice, Milan, Florence and Rome feel the sharpness of our sword, it will be—and God knows that it will be—a just judgment that overtakes them.” Citing this savage notice, served on Italy by her ruthless foe, and laying stress on the belief it breathed that the preservation of the noblest and most permanent heirlooms of an artistically gifted people is of infinitely less account than the smallest and most transient operation of Teuton warfare, Mr. Weigall, late Inspector-General of Antiquities in Egypt, writing in the *Nineteenth Century*, compared this frame of mind with the iconoclastic mood of the Italian futurists—and here, perhaps, the just judgment came in! Did not Martinetti, apostle of futurism and expounder of the futurist doctrine in his manifesto of 1909, glorifying war, militarism, the destructive aims of the anarchist, the beautiful inventions that kill and the contempt for woman, incite his band of misguided zealots to destroy the museums and libraries which cover the land like so many cemeteries; to seize pickaxes and hammers, and sap the venerable cities! . . . In very deed, the opposite poles were meeting as they meet now: autocracy and anarchism ran and run in the same groove!

However this may be, Venice like Italy on *terra firma*, had taken the warning to heart, remembering, too, how Napoleon helped himself after Campo Formio to whatever he could use or pleased him most of the humbled queen of the Adriatic's household effects and ornamental apparel, plundering the Arsenal to equip his navy, appropriating choice samples of Venetian painting to enrich the picture galleries of Paris, transferring the far-famed bronze horses of San Marco to the triumphal arch on the Place du Caroussel. These latter, lowered again, like the Marango and the recast bells of the Campanile, were sent away by battleship for safer keeping in Rome. The superb equestrian statue of Bartolomeo Colleoni was also consigned to inconspicuous security, the *pala d'oro* provisionally suspended in its dazzling function over the high altar of the cathedral. In short, every movable object of artistic or historical value was stored in some

inaccessible or at least bomb-free refuge; the immovable was braced and walled and protected with casements of sand-bags or otherwise, in the best manner human ingenuity could devise. As concerns the city's inhabitants, those not required for its defence were requested to change residence and, if without means of subsistence, committed to the hospitality of unexposed communities behind the Piave front. From 150,000 the population dwindled to about a sixth of that number. Lack of customers and military exigencies compelled the Café Florian, that noted rendezvous of the *beau-monde* under the arcades of the Procurate Nuove, which had been open continuously night and day for more than a hundred years, to close its doors. Military exigencies forbade even the lighting at nightfall of the lamp which for centuries had shed its rays as an earnest of aid in peril of body and soul through the intercession of the sweet-faced Madonna in constant vigil over the entrance to the house of Venetia's patron saint, whose symbolic lion near the Molo testifies to that comforting salutation: *Pax tibi, Marce, evangelista meus.*

America's participation in the war helped to make sure that the winged lion should not once more be dispossessed by the double-headed eagle; that Venice should not again be subjected to a system of oppression as introduced by Metternich when the Lombardo-Venetian lands were under the Austrian heel; that the voice of liberty in one of the fairest regions of United Italy should never more be silenced in the dungeons of the Spielberg or stifled in blood. The repulse and rout of the Emperor Karl's hosts by Italia's *arditi*, who met them on their whole line of battle, from the Lake of Garda to the Port of Cortellazzo, as a personified echo of the Garibaldian cry, *di qui non si passa*, preluded their dispatch across the Brenta and the Isonzo too, out of the Trentino and out of Friuli. Reasons of wider range than sentiment alone urge the necessity of any future invasion being made impossible. When Austria, after Königgrätz, began to shape a vigorous policy in the Balkans, confident that she could recoup herself for losses in the West by eastern expansion prompted, for a purpose sufficiently plain, by Germany, her enemy hocus-pocused into a friend, she neglected in her calculations to heed Italian ambitions far beyond Italia Irredenta, the firm con-

viction of Trajan's heirs that they have an alienable right to be heard in the disposition of the Grand Turk's inheritance. Throwing in their lot with the Entente, said Signor Guglielmo Ferrero, the Italians have severed every bond that connected Italian instincts and tendencies (*l'Italianità*) with Pan-Germanism. Speaking preëminently of Venice, Dante's left-hand gate of Italy, we may predict that, having borne her full share in the Rinascimento and contributed with all the means at her disposal to the Risorgimento, she will now, finally delivered from the Habsburg bird of prey, avail herself of her geographic situation to recover from her late distress as she did from her calamities in a more remote past and resume her brilliant rôle in the history of the world—not merely a curiosity shop, to end with a variation on a favorite theme of Gabriele d'Annunzio, not an inn for tourists who must go there to complete the collection of hotel labels on their baggage, but the glorious, august mistress of the Adriatic as of yore, *la Serenissima*.

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REALISM PURE AND APPLIED

I am persuaded that he who comes to realism in art by way of literary terminology alone will end up in a tangle of talk. Realism is not a mere matter of technic. It is not a mere expression of taste. It is a philosophy, an attitude toward life. It is a mode of thought born of the travail of modern democracy. Under the name of Realism it has taken on the dignity of a philosophic system with a body of doctrine and an honorable array of apologists. It draws its strength from science, and uses as sponsors for its integrity such studies as psychology, anthropology, sociology, and even physiology, whereby we learn how men get their ideas in general, how they are led to hold fast to the customary and the accepted, and how the ideals and standards usually regarded as eternal verities are nothing more than the reflex of man's efforts to keep a footing in a hostile world. In short, the realistic temper ranges over the known world of thought, feeling, and experience to satisfy the imperative desire of seeing things as they are.

My plan is to rescue realism from the tutelage of verbalism by finding in philosophy a conception of realism that can be carried over into the representation of human life in literature and the arts, where like a light behind precious stones it will make the opaque world of fact and experience reveal its inwardness.

The old Irish bards had an effective way of discarding preliminaries and of plunging at once into the theme. "Whence is the death of Conor?" they asked. "Not hard to say," was the answer, and off they started. So I may ask, "Whence is Realism?" But "not easy to say," must be the reply. However, with realism, as with so many other things, the Greeks offer a convenient avenue of approach, especially the author of much later confusion, Plato, who is commonly held to be the first to throw a druidic mist over man's thinking and thus make him doubt the evidence of his senses. As is well known, the world of phenomena is to Plato a poor thing, being but a feeble copy of the idea, which alone was the real. The world of sense bears

about the same relation to the world of eternal ideas as the distorted shadows of men seen moving on a wall do to the passers-by themselves. The reality lies not in the concrete fact of experience but in the region of the mind farthest removed from the senses, where reigns the pure essence of being. The things of earth are but stepping-stones which are soon left behind in the upward ascent. In the *Symposium*, for instance, we are told that fair forms are the lowest rungs in the ladder; beautiful souls are higher; beautiful virtues and sciences still higher, and above them all the pure idea of beauty, bodiless and colorless, and "unclogged with the pollutions of mortality, and all the colors and vanities of human life." Hence, as the readers of the *Republic* will recall, the creations of artists do not imitate the immaterial essence of things in a material reality, but only fashion images of an imperfect phenomenon, which itself is an incomplete copy of a copy. Every existing object on earth has its archetype in the world of Ideas, which is not the sum of qualities abstracted, but the pure essence itself. These essences the souls of men have beheld face to face before they were reborn on earth, and these the artists realize in concrete images according as they regain with purer insight the recollections of their former glory. To Plato and kindred idealists the universe, instead of being a process and a flux, is already completed and for all time established. And truth, unvexed by contact with actualities, sits far off and serene in the supersensual regions of the mind, ringed only with the azure sky. All actions and processes are engulfed in the end, which is the good. And the ultimate appeal of moralistic judgments is to standards that are external to and independent of the accidents and particularities making up the stream of life, to standards that inhere in a universe of order.

In some respects Aristotle stands opposed to Plato and in others he does not. He is opposed in that he appeals to truths realized in outer world to correct and ratify the truths found in dialectics. By inductions gathered from wide reading and observation of various political organizations he formulates the universal terms of an ideal state. By abstracting and harmonizing the concrete tendencies and technical excellences discovered in

the individual plays of Greek tragedians he arrives at a definition of the ideal tragedy. His starting point is not the pure essence but the concrete expression. His preconceptions will prove to be valid, not because they arise in his inner consciousness, because they answer successfully the challenge of the historic process. Hence the first reality is the fact, not the preconception.

But, as with Plato, the ultimate reality is found in the ideal, which, however, never divested itself of form. In all the sensible phenomena of everyday life this ideal manifests itself, but owing to the finiteness and imperfections of life's materials, it can never emerge wholly revealed. The work of the artist then is to help the struggling idea realize itself and complete its expression by removing the dross of accidents and cross-purposes, the encumbrance of "egotism, animalism, and brute matter." In thus shaping the image to the idea, he completes, in the words of Professor Butcher, "nature's unfulfilled purposes and corrects her failures." So it may be noted that Aristotle is no more content than Plato to rest in the material concrete. Though he starts from the fact, he ends in the ideal, which is, despite all sophistical argument, at the pole's opposite of the real. And behind both the real and the ideal is conceived the presence of an end,—the good, which, like a general, marshals all of life's activities and forces, keeping them in line and their faces set towards the goal.

Thus early were launched two possible solutions to the riddle posed to every reflecting man, How shall we take the universe? One proposes that we regard it as a completed existence, superior to all contingency and experience and logical in all its categories and necessities. Change and casualty, death and decay may charge upon it in "thundering troops of warrior horse," but like the waves which spread themselves out to a faint, thin line, they leave no trace of their tumultuous energy. The other proposes that man's adjustments to a shape-shifting world be regarded not as recollections of former existences and approximations to its perfections, but as contributions to the ideal, which will in its appointed time, like the chick from the shell, step out in its finished form. The final answer, however,

is not yet, for the three factors in the situation—the ideal, the concrete fact, and man's mind—will not keep to a static relation.

Now I candidly admit that my simplification of the philosophic systems of both Plato and Aristotle is too easy, that neither of them submits to so sure a circumscription. But how else shall a man escape the charm of their converse unless he boldly cuts himself loose? To cite for examination all the succeeding attempts to fix reality would be both futile and pedantic. They as well as their propounders have gone the way of all flesh; let us not vex their ghosts. After all they have very little to offer us. Like the explanations once given of the sea-shells found in the Alps—the work of the Deluge—the vast majority of metaphysical accounts of reality belong to the discards, the *curiosa* of philosophic doctrines. Life has moved far beyond them in fulfilling its urge.

The creed of the Realists reads simple enough when stripped to its barest essentials; but like many seeming simplicities it cries for elucidation and displays a wealth of complexity when opened up. When we read the statement that "the new realism is primarily a doctrine concerning the relation between the knowing process and the thing known," we are at its very heart. To be more explicit, the realists hold that things known "are not products of the knowing relation, nor necessarily dependent for their existence or behavior upon that relation." Behind this statement lurks the uneasy ghost, which long has haunted the academic groves, though it seldom appears to the man of the street,—Do objects exist independent of mind? In their reply the new realists affirm that when mind discovers a new law, quality, or character, it in no way creates these entities. When scientists bring to light new elements or relations, they can lay no claim to being the intellectual progenitors of their discoveries; they but uncover to view what has already been in existence far back in the past and will reach far forward into the future. The gradual building up of a body of detail through experiment and verification, the accumulating knowledge of the nature, functions, and habits of things alter not one jot the absolute independence of the resultant finding. The only service mind can render them is to make them objects of cognition. In all probability there

will ever remain a residual unknown, some relation, quality, or function resisting exposure, which nevertheless will persist in its separate identity and will operate in its character so long as the terms of its existence abide unchanged, regardless whether man brings it into the field of consciousness. It would exist, be true or false, even though man never evolved.

Where this doctrine affects material objects and the objective sciences, assent is easy. But where it affects laws and theories, especially those involving human conduct and moralistic judgments, there it is that men close their eyes and refuse to be led. The Irish turf cutter, for instance, chancing upon the Brooch of Tara in a bog, the geologist facing a petrified tree in a sea-worn cliff, the miner laying bare with his pick the metamorphosed life of the Carboniferous age, the astronomer gazing upon a new planet that "has swum into his ken"—each and all, in the widest extension of their ego, would not presume to believe that they stood in a causal relation to the things thus come into their perception. Likewise with the laws that deal with the physical properties of matter. When a man of genius sights amidst the familiar what has always been true but never formulated, when a Newton grasps the significance of a falling apple as obeying the law which holds the universe together and "keeps the heavens from going wrong," what has he done except to bring into the knowing relationship what heretofore unnoticed by us has been operating surely and tirelessly since the world began, and will maintain its course after the last man has drawn his feet into his bed and departed to his fathers? Apples will continue to fall to the ground, suns hold planets in their orbits, and stars keep to their courses even though mind had never worded the law of gravitation. Such a relation or law is real because it is independent in its being and workings of the knowing faculty, though not necessarily out of relation to knowledge, for then it could never become known. It is possible that the ultimate nature of matter will forever elude us, that like Achilles overtaking the tortoise we shall constantly reduce the distance but never overcome it. For though we succeed in exhausting thoroughly the structural possibilities of a subject or object, we shall always be faced with determining new connections.

Botany, it seems, has revealed all that it has to show in the way of morphology. It would be a mistake, however, to conclude that we are done with botany, for it has now become a matter of chemistry. So with the problems of the universe. Radioactivity has immeasurably lengthened our progress to the outermost boundaries of knowledge. The explorers on the frontiers report that "all known kinds of ordinary matter may be undergoing slow transformations," and they are working towards the conclusion that inanimate matter may be submitting to an evolutionary process not unlike that operating in organic life. It is possible that science may rest its case in the statement that all mass may prove to be electrical or fall under some great simplifying concept like that of ether. Whether time returns a verdict of proven or not proven, the chief thing here to be borne in mind is that all things unknown are knowable, and only to this degree are they dependent on mind. It matters not to the adrenal glands that we have found out how largely they assist in the bodily changes produced by hunger, pain, fear, and whether we had eyes to see or ears to hear, colors and sounds would still exist as vibrations and wave lengths. The fact of discovery or non-discovery neither makes them nor unmakes them; they have merely met the accident, likely to befall anything, of having been drawn into the knowing relation. What we have done is no more than to have penetrated into their world.

As I have said above, the doctrine that "the nature of things is not to be sought primarily in the nature of knowledge" would be generally accepted if it limited its control to matters objectively scientific and materialistic. But let it once reach out toward matters non-verifiable, crystallized opinions and customary beliefs, then man passionately rejects all offers of assistance in establishing his bearings proffered by realism. The inhibitions paralyzing his mental activities are numerous and complex. Notable among them is a fear of the consequences, a fear that is usually unacknowledged; a fear lest mind suffer a loss of dignity and supremacy when made to co-exist on a level with objects—a fear of the wholesale rejection, imposed by realism, of all manner and degree of subjectivities, monisms, anti-intellectualisms, mysticisms, dualisms, and idealisms—a fear of the *a posteriori*, in short, a fear of thought, a fear of truth.

Some people base their opposition to the de-anthropomorphizing temper of realism on the plea of temperamental incompatibility; they say that they are by nature mystics or idealists. How far they are substituting personal idealization for social heredity is a lead that cannot here be followed up. To such people realism appears to dethrone mind, and by placing it on a level with physical existences with respect to independence and reality, to rob it of its value and service and its divinity. Such an attitude is not in accordance with the spirit of democracy; those who believe it right for mind to be subsidized would believe it right for individuals to be artificially advantaged at the expense of the mass. In assigning to mind and objects their "due measure of self-existence," realism does no more than secure to each equal opportunity to rise to the height of its powers. In the realistic world, then, mind starts out from the same plane as everything outside of it. But by virtue of its innate abilities it infinitely outdistances its fellow-existences; by virtue of its superior endowments, its power of including other worlds in its own, it attains to a far more complete and perfect mode of being, but not, be it noted, to one more real. If the latter term were freed of the confusion with completeness and perfection, value and service, then the basic cause of apprehension should disappear.

The problem of disarming the idealists and their kin is rich, I admit, with the promise of failure. To separate idealists from their idealisms and mystics from their mysticisms is equivalent to removing the ground from under their feet, especially when the main concern of their lives is not to-night's bed and to-morrow's bread. (I would append here as a footnote that idealism consorts naturally with plenty and realism with hunger.) It is a problem, not of reconciling direct opposites, but of setting up two separate identities, one having its roots in fact, the other in mind. To the idealistic creed that "mind is always a world and objects are always fragments," the realists oppose the creed that "there is a world of objects capable of existing independently of the knower." It is the old opposition of aristocracy and privilege with democracy and equal opportunity. If realism wins, then goodbye to justification by faith, for we must abandon the *a priori* basis for determining the nature of things and the

definitions of their terms. All contentions for the rule of the universe by moral or divine principles have no more validity than that for the divine right of kings. These must take their stand in line with the plebeian mass of objects and facts and await their turn for judgment. All the high and mighty abstractions—time, space, immortality, and even the dread, shadowy presence cognition—must brush elbows with the grimy phenomena of the natural world. The knower himself must stand before the inexorable Rhadamanthus of Analysis in company with the things he knows. It is true that he may win to a larger relative reward, be invited to sit up higher, yet he must ever face the humiliating fact that he exists in a world of objects no less independent than tables and chairs, but no more so. For he in turn, "in some cosmos, may be an object of thought, something which cognition plays upon and apprehends." Who knows but that to some order of intelligences the knowing faculty of man may be as external an object of thought as are the stars to us?

In addition to the opposition between the realist and the idealist indicated above, there exists another equally antipodal, namely, the nature and manner of their mental processes. Psychoanalysts describe two kinds of thinking—one a thinking with directed attention, the other a dream or fantasy thinking. The first is so named because it is set toward following out some idea or solving some problem. Starting from an inward distress over, say, some mal-adjustment, it soon issues into words or diagrams and other concrete forms, addressed at first to the thinker himself, and then, as it gains shape and significance, it becomes informed with the desire to reach out to others. It is sprung into action by the need of facing and adapting real, that is, existing, conditions, which call for all sorts of innovations and adjustments. In the mechanics of its procedure it imitates the succession of objectively real things so that the images in our minds follow after each other in the same causal succession as the historical events outside of our mind." Concerned with real elements it becomes reality thinking, and following the lead of a major idea it becomes directed thinking. Working with speech elements, however, is troublesome and exhaustive, as anyone knows who tries to put his impressions into definite

shape. As G. T. Patrick asserts in his *Psychology of Relaxation*, the faculties of association, voluntary attention, concentration, and analysis are late developments, which easily tire. Hence our pleasure in slipping back to the dream or unreal world, where these faculties are not exercised.

The second kind of thinking eschews reality, draws back to the region of the suppressed wish, which it sets free in fantasies and day dreams. In place of actively participating in the world of affairs, it rests content in the world of imaginings, employing its architectonic sense in building "castles in Spain." Instead of words and diagrams, images and feelings occupy the field of consciousness, creating a delightful world of make-believe, a world not as it is but as one would have it be, wherein one is all that he is not in reality. The materials it uses are in part of the future but mostly of the past. Old memory scenes are reenacted with an outcome, to adopt Bacon's remarks on poetry, "of a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety than can be found in the nature of things." Because daily life represents events in the ordinary round of existence, this dream world, like poesy, "endued them with rareness and more unexpected and alternative variations." Its delectability lies in the fact that it "submits the shows of things to the desires of the mind." The fulness and satiety of satisfaction thus engendered tend both to inhibit action and to induce acquiescence in the current state of existence. Since this dream-thinking is not directed to a controlling idea struggling to realize form but drifts back and forth in the eddies of desire, it escapes the exhaustion which attends wrestling with the demands of the day. With its winding current flowing down the pleasant land of drowsihead, it affords an easeful escape for the man wearied with seeking the things won by toil and compulsion. The mind that lives in Romances, dream pictures, and make-believe worlds is not concerned with seeing things as they are, with getting hold of the how and the why of this earth. It prefers to play around subjective fantasies, which are more easily manipulated, and which make up the mythological world of the child and the savage. Such a psychical life is a prolongation of an earlier state of human culture; it is a "reêcho of the prehistoric and

ancient." Tennyson then did not speak the whole truth nor even the essential truth when he said, "Dreams are true while they last." Nietzsche saw better. "In our sleep and in our dreams," he says, "we pass through the whole world of earlier humanity." To glimpse the inward nature of our romantic dream life is not to belittle the power of its intrusion into the work-a-day world. A knowledge of the vast domain lying below the line of consciousness is a most timely aid in the understanding of the contradictions and perplexities ever interjecting themselves into the life of reason. They make the warp to the woof or reality.

In the romantic world of the dreamers there is no place for that happy phrase of Matthew Arnold's "seeing a thing as it is." In what manner this formula is barred from operating in that world will appear upon an analysis of the content and implications of the phrase. The great hindrance to a man's seeing things in their reality is the idealistic tendency to run all things and their attributes back to mind without discriminating between those qualities that are subjective to him and those that exist independent of him. How far he is sunk in the habit of investing entities with life that is a reflection from his own personality is well summed up in Amiel's epigram, "Landscape is a state of mind." If one could see the landscape divested of the coloring laid on it by the arrogance and vanity of mind, he could leap and exclaim with the blind man whose eyes Christ had opened, "Whereas I was blind, now I can see!" Probably few of us are capable of such objectivity. It is an axiom in geometry, "things equal to the same thing are equal to each other." If the various objects entering into a landscape are independent and real in their existence, then their arrangement into a totality should be independent and real. But, as the new realism goes on to show, landscape when a matter of cognition is an existence outside though compresent with mind and as such is a fragment. Only when seen with its fringe is it a world. In fact, all objective existences are surrounded with fringes of which a portion is thrown out by the thing experienced and a portion conferred on it by the experiencing mind. Naturally the more richly an intellect is endowed with responsiveness to the world of objective

fact the more wide and variegated will be the extension of the object and the mass of cohering experiences and mental suggestions constituting its world. But owing to the fact that mind is a selective agent and reaches out only in the direction it is interested in, it never sees the fact or object in its complete existence or stripped down to its bare selfhood. Anatole France brings it as a charge against past writers of history that they present facts "denuded of the greater part of their special circumstances that constitute them," asserting that a fact is something extremely complex (as truly it is), possessed of no absolute boundaries. Again the appearance of a table varies according to the selective act into which it is thrown, and this selective act varies with the individual, with the mood, with the association, and with the purpose prompting the act. If we could see it without its fringe we should see it in its essence as tableness. But usually perception takes in its squareness or roundness, its color, its polish, its size, its height, weight, and material, all of which are physical properties that owe no allegiance to mind. Or our selection of qualities may be subjective, such as its beauty or ugliness, its grace or clumsiness, its harmony with other objects of furniture, its associations with the past, its commonness or rareness, its price, all of which, on the other hand, are man-made categories, emanations from the mind, whose existence is no more stable than the immortality of the dead in Maeterlinck's *Bluebird*. Or perception may choose to view it in its setting of space and time, with which all things are continuous. Finally both the educated and the uneducated minds see things in the light of something else—the one because of a sensitiveness to relations, the other because of lack of detailed knowledge.

While the appearances of things are a part of their real character, the trouble is that to the non-realists they too often stand for the selfhood of the thing or concept. The stick in the water looks bent. If we follow out the doctrine of realism, this appearance of crookedness is real, for refraction is not a quality conjured up by mind, but is a law of nature that operates invariably when the conditions repeat themselves. But the perceived object is not the touched object, which we know retains its character

of straightness unchanged. Again a painting gives rise to an impression of distance and solidity and a statue to one of mobility. These in truth are part of the real character of the perceived object, but not of the touched object. The one we know to be a flat surface and the other a block of stone. In such instances, however, the illusions are not disturbing, for they can be easily removed. They are real attributes of the concepts of painting and statue, but not of canvas, paint, and marble, and their importation into the fringe of these objects does not lead such things to forfeit their self-existence and individuality. As ideas they maintain an existence that is as independent and real as the very objects they cohere with, for they too can be experienced by the knowing faculty. But let it not be forgotten that they are still ideas.

To see things as they are it is just as necessary to view them in their naked state as fragments as garbed with their relationships and significance. As I have pointed out above, the difficulty with the brood of Platonists, in fact, with all those types which hold that objects owe their reality to characters that live only in a medium of mind, is that they are either incapable or unwilling to draw aside the intervening fringes, which, like curtains of gauze let down before a scene, make an investiture of color and softness quite external to the reality. They will build palaces of Justice and palaces of Peace; they will erect monuments to Liberty and go to war for Democracy. And lulled to inaction by this virtuous discharge of their emotions, they have no ears for the cries of those unjustly dealt with, denied their liberties and the practice of democratic ways of living. They surrender themselves to a Philosophy of Loyalty as to a mystic presence, and immersed in its divine immanence they find complete satisfaction of their æsthetic instincts and their sentimental adoration of the fine things. Absorbed in the beauty of the abstract they lose sight of the actual world profit and greed fattening on this worship of the Idea. For them the ideal of honor is living up to a contract obscures with its glowing aureole the hideous poverty, disease, and rickety children frequently involved as a corollary. For them Truth and Justice and Liberty count for more than true things, just dealings, and free lives.

Maeterlinck, in one of his moments of vision, says, "No physical justice ever proceeded from moral causes, whether it presented itself under the form of heredity, illness, or atmospheric, geologic, or any other phenomena unimaginable." And Anatole France, in his memorable words at the grave of Zola, entered into the heart of things when he said, "There is no peace but in justice, no rest but in truth. I do not speak of philosophic truth, the object of eternal disputes, but of this moral truth which we all can seize because it is sensible and relative and conformable to our nature, and so near us that a child can touch it with his hand." So long as man believes in a universe ruled by an absolute moral order instead of a moral order as a cult worked loose from group reactions; so long as he considers himself a sinful, imperfect being falling away from an ideal standard which has attained to its fulness without waiting to see how the living type would turn out; and so long as he uses as a starting-point the will and the intellect in place of the emotions and feelings—just so long will he miss coming to a face-to-face view of himself as he really is. As a modern psychologist says, man's great problem is "the adaptation of himself to reality and the recognition of himself as the instrument for the expression of life according to his individual classibilities." The penalty of man's refusal to adapt himself to biology, psychology, sociology is his failure to become self-creating and self-determining, consequent upon his lack of knowing the springs of action and feeling. The wall that stands between himself as perceived and himself as real is the wall of rigid intellectual and moral formulas.

As objects of consciousness, then, the illusion of form and life bestowed by mind on paintings and statues have as real an existence as has the material itself. The point to be remembered is that the two existences are separate and distinct; one cannot be taken for the other or the one for the whole. In the realm of human reactions and moral valuations the ratio between what may be called perceived reality and touched reality may be illustrated by the ratio between ideality and actuality, between defining things in terms of what one would have them be and in terms of their current mode of being and performance. Tagore proclaims his belief that "there is a universal standard of justice

to which all men irrespective of their caste and color have their equal claim." But it is the actual rendering of justice that concerns the man caught in the grip of the law. The ideal of America as "the land of the free and the home of the brave," the refuge of the oppressed, sits ill on the America that hurries madly on after efficiency and success. Here the idealist interrupts with, "Oh, but the ideal is the real. The actual is temporary and perishable, seen only in its momentary aspects, never twice alike, full of accidents and cross purposes bewildering as they are numerous. But in them all is inherent the tendency to grow to the fulness of their perfect form. In accordance with our vision of what they are destined to become, we remove the disfiguring, repressing, and thwarting forces incident to mortality and finiteness, and thus allow them to win to the goal of their striving, their final perfection. This ideal is indestructible and unchangeable and therefore the only real." A throw-back to Plato, you see. Meanwhile the Mooneys are condemned to death on perjured testimony; the champions of freedom of speech are martyred under ferocious sentences; and children see their youth flit by from the windows of factories and in darkness of mines. The same confusing of identities leads him to speak of a man's worse self and his better self, equating the latter with his real self, as if there were degrees of reality. Whereas the realist would merely say that in this situation the man behaved in one way and in that situation he behaved in another. One self is as real as the other and neither can be substituted for the other.

Of this idealistic temper are born such conceptions as those sweetly melancholy landscapes to be found in Mid-Victorian editions of the poets, for instance, which were composed of ideal trees, winding brooks, distant church towers, and peaceful vales; and those sentimental songs, also touched with a tender sadness, which sung in pleasing generalities about—

" . . . a lone green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
Where I've whiled many happy hours away;
A-sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door
Where lived my darling Nellie Gray."

The same belief in a "true idea" latent in a phenomenon and waiting to be expressed creates such harmonious pictures as

"The Arabs' Charge," in which are assembled all the impressions of movement, dress, carriage, and gesture that cling to our notions of the wild, undisciplined sons of the desert and the fiery Arabian steeds. In our admiration for such magnificent movement and freedom we lose sight of the fact that the charge may contain nothing admirable; it may be bent solely on ruthless destruction of what has taken ages to build. Another picture typifying an harmonious unity and a completion of tendencies is the one which has been featured so widely in our recruiting campaigns, "The Spirit of Seventy-Six." Everything in the composition expresses the indomitable temper of the husbandmen dropping their plowshares to assume arms against the invader. But somehow its dash and vigor fall suddenly flat against the end-result—the picture of a soldier with his face shot away, a picture which Dr. Crile insists should always accompany the other.

The romanticist, because of his indisposition toward directed thinking, shuns the close-up view of life, preferring to see things composed into a picture and brought into harmony by the magical power of distance, which, in the words of Scott, smoothes all asperities, reconciles all incongruities, veils all absurdness, and softens every coarseness. He would agree with Scott that incidents tolerable or even pleasing as sketches would become, if seen in close detail, "like a finished Dutch picture, brutal and boorish." Scotch psalmody, for instance, to a bystander is made up of grunts and snuffles, whines and screams; whereas to one sufficiently removed it would resolve itself into "that deep and distant sound, which rising and falling like the Æolian harp, may have some title to be called the praise of our Maker." In the two pictures of a ship, one of—

"When she was lying hoggish at the quay,
And men ran to and fro,
And tugged, and stamped, and shoved, and pushed, and swore,
And ever and anon with crapulous glee,
Grinned homage to viragoes on the shore,

and the other of when—

". . . a shadow of repose
Upon a line of gray,
She sleeps, that transverse cuts the evening rose—

She sleeps and dreams away,
Soft blended in a unity of rest
All jars, and strifes obscene, and turbulent throes,
'Neath the broad benediction of the West,"

the poet, T. E. Brown, finely illustrates this modifying power of distance. To each picture the doctrine of realism would allow its due measure of independence and reality. At the same time realism would remind us of the fact that unity of rest and resolution of jars and obscenities are qualities conferred on the ship by the mind of the beholder. Even though she does appear to be a "shadow of repose upon a line of gray," she still bears her load of human brutes. Life aboard her has not changed for the better merely because seen in her present relation to sky and water she has become a thing of beauty.

To poetry preëminently belongs the power of lulling us into dream states wherein we rest content in the emotional glow evoked by the charm of words. Should not the "Charge of the Six Hundred," so aptly described in the phrase "magnificent but not war," instead of kindling our imaginations to white heat, rather stand as an eternal rebuke to blunder and waste of life? Do we ordinarily look upon mere physical and automatic response of men, the result of mechanical drill, as deserving of immortality? Are the finest hopes of the race to be built upon those of whom we recite—

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die"?

Or should not humanity entrust its future to that type of mind whose possibilities led Hamlet to exclaim, "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in apprehension how like a god!" The false glamor that is exhaled by a last act of gallantry and soldier-like obedience to the death has always found an easy lodgment in the romantic and idealistic minds. To such an account as that of Cranmer's death they respond with their whole being:—

"He passed out smiling, and he walked upright;
His eye was like a soldier's, whom the general
Hath rated for some backwardness and bidden him
Charge one against the thousand, and the man
Hurls his soiled life against the pikes and dies."

Yet when these lines are brought to the bar of thought and made to yield up their inwardness, how do they show up? His act of backwardness may have been some neglect of the daily routine confining the life of a soldier, some breach of military etiquette, or the play of reason upon some conventional command. Would that make a soiled life? Is an ineffectual death a rational equation for so mean an offence? What can one man accomplish against a thousand? What should we think of a general who makes sport of a life that has as sacred a right to a continuance as his own? And as for the eye of a soldier—photographs taken of men whose whole being was set upon killing have led some medical scientists to affirm that the expression indicates a throw-back to the far distant stage of brute ancestry.

These criticisms are not the offspring of a flippant and captious spirit. They are the irrepressible urge of the democratic temper of realism, which orders everything from the myriad-minded Shakespeare to the sentimental balladist, from a lofty ideal to a humble chair, from God Himself to a crawling worm, to stand in its own place and on its own legs. In admitting that some entities are infinitely richer in meaning, contacts, and usefulness, it will not permit these to stifle under their mighty shadow the growth and integrity of lesser values. If it is hostile to idealisms, "vital lies," and romantic illusions, it is so because of its solicitude for life truly full and free. It will not succumb to the spell which poetry and romance weave about deeds of valor and heroism, loyalty and submission, without first inquiring into the losses entailed by dislocations and severed connections, and into the sincerity and righteousness animating the motives. If six hundred men are to exchange life for death at a mere word of command, realism would stipulate for some more solid compensation than a poem, or an æsthetic thrill, or an apotheosis of an ideal. Too long have we been at the mercy of metaphors. It is time that we see things as they are. Against Drake and Hawkins, the great captains of the Armada fame should be set Drake and Hawkins, the hireling buccaneers and ruthless plunderers of the Irish sea-towns. Against New England and Faneuil Hall should be set New England who traded in rum for the enslavement of the wretched Africans. Against Kitchener, the organizer of

the British army, Kitchener, the spoiler of the tomb of the Mahdi and the "butcher of Omdurman." Give to each entity its due measure of self-existence, says realism, but no more; let not the fringe hide the fact or part of the fringe pose as the whole.

Because realism is democratic, it must concern itself with the poor and meek in spirit, with the plain, the ugly, and the sordid, in fact, with all of life's neglected. Thoroughly at one with such a temper, Gorky writes his autobiography, "with all its oppressive horrors of our wild Russian life." "It is worth while," he says, "because it is actual vile fact, which has not died out, even in these days—a fact which must be traced to its origin, and pulled up by the roots from the memories, the souls of the people, and from our narrow sordid lives." It is the frequency with which realism, like the Good Samaritan, bestows its offices on the vulgar, the commonplace, and the ill-smelling that inspires the charge of its being "homesick for the mud," and compels the sensitive of nostril to pass by on the other side. It is probably true that realism is not necessarily, perhaps not even ordinarily, involved with beauty, though what we mean by beauty might affect the verdict. There is no doubt, however, that it frequently falls short of affording that complete satisfaction of the æsthetic instinct which usually is the essence of reactions to the great traditional works of art. A scene reflected in a pool of water may suggest an effect of artistry better than the original itself, due to the lowering of tones and the lessened brilliancy of light. And perhaps Wilde is right in his statement that the sorrows of Hecuba please us because Hecuba is nothing to us. However that be, realism makes for force but not necessarily for beauty. At the same time the softening and modifying tendency may work towards keeping us from seeing injustice and wrong-doing, because moved by the harmony, charm, and beauty of the presentation we come to think of the end as justifying the situation. In his *Decay of Lying*, Wilde dismisses Zola's characters from consideration on the ground that "their dreary vices and their drearier virtues, the record of their lives are absolutely without interest. Who cares what happens to them? In literature we require distinction, charm, beauty, and

imaginative power. We don't want to be harrowed with an account of the doings of the lower orders." Farther on he says, "What is interesting about people in good society is the mask that each one of them wears, not the reality that lies behind the mask." "The only beautiful things . . . are the things that do not concern us." The world would wait long if it depended on the Wildes to stir people to removing the excrescences that offend the senses of the æsthete. Yeats, too, frankly confesses to no pretense at realism; in fact, he wants to get away from life. To quote from *Ideas of Good and Evil*: "I would like to see a poetical drama which tries to keep at a distance from daily life that it may keep its emotions untouched, staged with but two or three colors." And he foresees the day when convention and decoration and ceremony will dominate. Whether his work gains or loses by allying itself with the mystical, the decorative, and the lyrical, thus cutting itself loose from the warmth of the struggle of life, may be left to the individual whose æsthetic and moral predilections are best satisfied thereby. His vision is plainly unreal and will not break upon the plain man, who will far more readily tie himself up with the obstacles blocking the career of *Maurice Harte* and disintegrating the moral being of the family in Lenox Robinson's *The Harvest*. Granting that "the earth is only a little dust under our feet," we should still have to perpetuate suffering, poverty, disease, and justice for the sake of the beauty that may be distilled from the pathetic and the tragic. In keeping our eyes on the ends of the earth, we miss much of what is going on by our side; and we ask people to continue to bear their lot in patience so that beauty, strangeness, and mystery may brood in their nest undisturbed.

Quite opposed is the artistic purpose of the modern Irish realists like Lenox Robinson, T. C. Murray, Padraic Colum, and St. John Ervine. In reply to a complaint uttered by some woman admirer of the old order of Irish fiction, where the men were all generous and impulsive and the women all beautiful and virtuous, the last-named author pointed out that tragedy had always been in Irish life and comedy in the representation of it. He defended the absence of the laughter-loving, sentimental Celt by reference to the facts of Irish provincial life. Ireland

was essentially a nation of peasants. From this fact issued all of the vitality, color, weakness, gray tones, all of the vigor and clash of personalities. The Irishman has national courage and meanness, cowardice and nobility, humor and the lack of it, cruelty and gentleness, generosity and greed, wit and dullness. Add to these a life subordinated to the passion of money-getting. Their comedy and tragedy should represent balked lives, because such is the stuff of their lives. If the decline of the spirit and the growth of materialism in Ireland are to be combated, they must first be recognized. Similarly Patrick MacGill urged in defence of his *Ratpit* that exposure to sunlight was good for the social ills of Ireland.

Other critics shy at realism in art because it seemingly neglects to inform with deep spiritual significance the ignoble happenings of petty lives. Such an observation is in truth a witness to the writer's fidelity to his vision. I refer to the attitude of objectivity and impersonality which Flaubert asserted should constrain an artist, forbidding him to confide his feelings, his ideas and his convictions, and his state of mind. "What you write," he says in speaking of *Madame Bovary*, "is not for yourself but for others. Art has nothing to do with the artist. He must manage to lead posterity to think that he never lived at all. The less idea I can form of him the greater he seems to me." Truly not a warm-hearted creed, and one unnecessarily severe. To us to-day Flaubert is as interesting as *Madame Bovary*. Equally objective and impersonal was the attitude of his pupil De Maupassant, who has been accused of being irrelevant and heartless in his treatment of life. One critic asserts that his incidents and situations have no pertinency and reveal no philosophy of life; that his preoccupation with the mean, trivial, and drab tends to induce too much respect for these qualities, and that he loves the mal-odorous for its own sake. To those seeking in art a rearrangement of life's elements into a less disturbing pattern, De Maupassant does display an unfeeling indifference to the miseries of existence. Superficially these charges are to the point. His story called *A Life* presents a picture of an old woman, duped in every relation, a long road on which people go up and down, listless days—all with no purpose,

no meaning. *Butterball* shows a precious collection of as heartless and selfish representatives of the leisure class as ever rode in coach and four. In neither does the author reveal his feelings and sympathies. Impassive as the Sphinx he lets the life he records unroll itself as it will. He tells these things because they are so, and by isolating them from the tangled skein of human beings, circumstances, and impulses, he, in common with all artists, enables us to see them. What we shall do with them depends on how we take the universe.

To my way of thinking much of the discussions on realism lack vitality and direction because they are held in bondage to literary terminology. They savor too much of scholastic disputes. Moreover realism has been limited too largely to matters technical and æsthetic. Doubtless the employment of the actual speech of men and the discard of letters, rings, handkerchiefs, monologues, timely uncles, and telltale housemaids make for a presentation more nearly like to the conditions of life. But this is not all. To see things as they are man must know things. To know things he must keep abreast of advancing knowledge and be ready to cast off convictions, moralities, and codes of conduct into the closet of wornout ideas. He must be attentive to the processes of life both as interpreted by creative observers and as explained by scientists. For instance, to measure man by the standards of absolute morality is as belated as to hold that the thick skulls of the Australian Bushmen are the survivals of those females whose heads were too solid to be beaten in. And to maintain that art may deal with only a restricted field of material is on a par with the theory that giraffes got their long necks from incessant reaching into high trees. Truths are mobile, plastic things, or as expressed more whimsically by the Irishman James Stephens, "No truth in regard to space and time can retain its virtue longer than the beating of an artery; it too has its succession, its sidereal tide, and while you look upon it, hardy and round as a pebble, it is split and fissured and transformed." To be a realist one must be an open-minded empiricist, ready to admit with the scientist that any entity may exist or subsist, in fact that everything experienced is real and independent. The only limitations acceptable are the *a posteriori*.

Since art is mainly busied with representing "man in action," the artist who would truly depict human life must learn to see man in his most primary relation, namely, his biological. Thus viewed his instincts are no longer things reprehensible; they are powers and expressions, which in themselves are neither good nor bad, except as man happens to find them becoming visible in one or the other of these categories. Modern psychology of the school of Freud and Jung is doing splendid service in sweeping away the prurient notion that these things are "unclean, vile, unspeakable, and unholy," and in correcting the mistakes made by mankind under the influence of religion and social convention "through warping and distorting the fundamental instincts of sexuality, thinking thus to subdue its imperious domination." No artist can claim to be a realist where it counts for most who does not recognize that the energy stored up in the "libido" is in the service of life, which regards with indifference whether it heads for "destruction and waste, dissipation and futile purposes," or is directed into constructive ends. If the play of the instincts turned out badly for Anna Karenina, it was not because they were immoral; they were but fulfilling their nature, which Aristotle says is the end of things. Could they have articulated with the world as man has organized it, they would have made for happiness, for they were fraught with tremendous possibilities for fuller life. They owe nothing to mind but their coloring and the experience of becoming known. They are rooted, not in morality but in organic life, and their reality lies in their psychological manifestations and their biological relations. In the new realism philosophy and science have joined hands. This is the realism I would see imported into criticism and art.

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CURSING AS A FINE ART

All of us will remember that we have heard the "man on the street" using, at sundry times and under sundry circumstances, a certain monosyllable of Latin origin—a word which is admittedly always emphatic even if it is not always absolutely necessary. Indeed, for so many centuries has it been used by the ancestors of our "man on the street" that Beaumarchais was led to describe it as a fundamental of the English language. Whether or not this is to be taken in the sense in which the observant Frenchman meant it to be taken, it is at least true that the little word in playing the rôle of Jack-of-all-trades among the parts of speech is a concrete illustration of the pliability of the English tongue. Now it is a verb, maliciously condemnatory in character; now an adjective; now an adverb; now a noun; now an interjection; and all with barely an inflection. It may not be too much to expect that the genius of a language which can accomplish such a *tour de force* as this may yet devise the means of employing the word as a conjunction. In fact, so common has its use become nowadays that utterance without it seems to be as asyndetic as the style of Tacitus. For our purpose, however, the importance of the word does not lie in the diversity of its service, but rather in that it is used at all in its original senses by us enlightened moderns, and even then used so frequently, for in itself this phenomenon is proof that we are not so far removed from primitive habits of thought as we sometimes fondly think we are. It is indeed hard to believe that when the "man on the street" says "damn this" or "damn that," with or without malice prepense, he is thereby proclaiming that in one particular at least he retains the taint of a primeval barbarism, a barbarism as old as Sumer and Accad and as extensive as heathendom. It is hard, I say, to believe this of the man who rubs shoulders with us daily; yet it is true, and lest any should doubt it, we propose to trace the practice back to some of the earliest of human records. We disclaim, however, all intention of following the example of a certain modern author who investigated an allied subject and entitled his lucubrations "A Cursory History of Swearing."

The habit of summary condemnation to which we have referred belongs to the great and comprehensive sphere of magic which is so characteristic of uncivilized and partially civilized communities and which has so many features in common with primitive religion that not even a Frazer with the witchery of his *Golden Bough* can definitely "beat the bounds" between the two types of thought. Moreover, it so broadly overlaps the workday life of barbaric man that not a single detail of his existence is untouched by it. What Professor Breasted says concerning the ancient Egyptians may be predicated of all undeveloped peoples: "The belief in magic penetrated the whole substance of life . . . constantly appearing in the simplest acts of the daily household routine, as much a matter of course as sleep or the preparation of food."

As far as can be determined, this universal applicability of magic seems ultimately to rest on the supposed reality of two principles. The one is the mechanical power of mere analogy and mere imitation; that is, primitive man believes that if he happens to be unable to attain certain desired results by the processes which regularly produce these results, he can achieve his end through the employment of analogous processes. This, for example, is the principle invoked by the superstitious Scotch Highlander who makes a clay image of his enemy and casts it into a running stream, trusting that just as the water gradually disintegrates the earthen figure, so will his enemy suffer slow but certain dissolution. In Thomas Hardy's *Return of the Native* a parallel instance is to be found. The other principle is the alleged existence of potencies, or spirits, in all the objects, animate or inanimate, which environ man. These, it is believed, we can control as we will, provided we know the proper method, averting the injurious and summoning the helpful; but as their name is legion our human life must of necessity be one endless round of recourse to this or to that form of the black art.

The magical mind also invokes two other principles which are virtually corollaries of the foregoing. Primitive man has an unshaken conviction in the substantial reality of the spoken as well as of the written word, and in the absolute identity of a name with the object or person for which it stands; and if we

children of this generation of fact fail to appreciate the tenacity of this conviction, in spite of its patent absurdity, we shall fall far short of understanding the function of the curse. Doubtless the pragmatist would say that if the curse "works," the principles on which it rests are true. At all events, primitive man believes that your name, be it 'Arry or 'Arriet, is not merely a conventional label to identify you, but is in fact none other than you yourself. He holds, moreover, that if in speech or writing he couples this name of yours with some wish concerning it, you will inevitably fare well or fare ill according to the denotation of the language employed. According to this theory, then, the only reason why the race of man has not been exterminated long ere this day is that in some way or other we fortunate survivors have managed, deliberately or accidentally, to annul the curses pronounced against us, or that our enemies have omitted some essential jot or tittle of the formulæ to which they resorted. The ancients long wondered why the supremacy of Rome was unthreatened for so many centuries. But at length the secret was revealed. *Roma*, it seems, was as it were only a sobriquet of the city, and the frantic curses of Parthian and Carthaginian glanced off it as arrows off a coat of mail. Rome's real name was guarded like the mysteries of Eleusis, but who the person was that finally let the cat out of the bag we leave to a German seminar to discover.

But all pleasantry aside, the masses of ancient Greece and Rome actually believed in the efficacy of the curse. Even Plato, both in the *Republic* and in the *Laws*, alludes to the practice in a way which implies popular belief in it. To him the imprecations of Œdipus upon his sons, of Theseus upon Hippolytus, of Amyntor upon Phoenix were cruel facts, and he puts into the mouth of Adimantus the statement that if a man but will to injure an enemy, the curse lay ready at hand as the weapon with which to effect it. So real was it to the Roman that in the Twelve Tables he incorporated threats of punishment against those who should attempt by this craven method to harm the person, property, or family of a fellow-citizen. There is ample evidence to show that the menace of the law did much to encourage secrecy in the performance of this form of sorcery.

In addition to this clandestine cursing there was a great deal of open cursing in the ordinary conversation between man and man, some of which was no doubt seriously intended but a great deal of which was as perfunctory and as much due to unconscious habit as are most of the interjections which punctuate English dialogue. Of this Aristophanes and Menander, Plautus and Terence are witnesses. Nevertheless, the bitter retorts which these vicious thrusts provoked are sufficient proof that the words were not felt to be shafts wholly without point and barb, and perhaps a goodly part of our anger at curses against ourselves may be due to a relic within us of this naïve belief. Even now I almost tremble when I think of the terrible reviling to which I was subjected a few years ago in Italy. I had refused to give alms to a certain ancient Canidia who was begging by the wayside, and so vitriolic were her curses that I fairly felt poisoned for life. Yet I might have spared myself this torture had I but heeded the warning words of Solomon, who well knew the ways of the Oriental mendicant: "He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack: but he that hideth his eyes shall have many a curse."

In Greece the imprecation has a long and honorable history. The mythology is full of it. Two or three instances have already been given, but without being fulsome we may mention a few more. Althæa killed her son Meleager by means of a curse reinforced by the sympathetic magic of the burning brand. Theseus cursed the Athenians when he departed for Scyros. The faithless Myrtilus met his death through the curse cast upon him by his master Œnomaus, and himself with his dying breath uttered a retaliatory curse upon the whole line of Pelops. Even before this, Pelops had visited upon Laius of Thebes the curse of childlessness. The horrible fate of Pelias was the long postponed result of the evil prayer of Jason's mother. The sad end of the Atridæ was but the issue of the curse of Thyestes.

But there is something more here than the mere recital of malevolent wishes and their consummation. Viewed from one angle these stories are but a manner of recording the observations of the Greeks upon certain ethical problems which perplex us of to-day. Why are some families pursued from generation to generation by an apparently inescapable demon of pain and ca-

lamity? Why has this or that great man been suddenly cut off in his prime? The reasons are inscrutable, we say, and we dismiss the problem. To the Greeks, however, the explanation was simple. At some time or other, they said in effect, somebody cursed the ancestor of a family line and thereafter a moral taint lay upon his descendants. The original curse was purely arbitrary, to be sure, but the transmission of its virulence from generation to generation followed as a law of nature. Indeed, the Greek was not far from literally repeating the words so well known to a certain Syrian people, and, in these latter days, to ourselves: "Visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations," and "Hath this man sinned, or his parents?" His reasoning was a strange anticipation of the modern biological theory which recognizes that the germ cell is as much the source of moral tendencies as it is of bodily characteristics.

But the belief in cursing is also an objective fact in sober history. Both Diodorus and Plutarch record that the Eumolpid priests officially laid a curse upon Alcibiades for his deliberate impiety. All classical students are aware that the technical objection which the Spartans raised against Pericles was the fact that his family, the Alcmaeonids, had been under the shadow of a curse for three centuries. The historian, however, is not our only source of information in these matters; we have original documents at our disposal, the most notable of which is an inscription of the fifth century B.C. from the island of Teos. The text of this is inscribed upon two marble pillars and contains some forty odd lines; the quotation of a few of these will suffice to show the spirit of the entire document: "Whosoever employs baneful drugs against the Teian state or against its citizens, may he and his family perish. Whosoever hinders the importation of grain into the land of Teos by any device or stratagem, whether by sea or by land, or withholds grain from sale when it has been so imported, may he and his family perish. May any official who shall fail to enforce this curse himself be subject to it. Whosoever shall fracture the pillars on which this curse is written or shall chisel out the letter or shall destroy the inscription, may that man and his family perish." It might not

be unprofitable for our modern law-makers to take a hint from the Teians and by means of magical imprecations secure from magistrate and civilian alike that kind of loyalty to office and state which we endeavor to effect by the more or less idle threat of legal penalties.

The Roman, also, made generous use of the curse as a weapon against his foes. Often the victories of his armies were believed to be due, in the last analysis, far more to a preparatory bombardment of malediction than to the strategy of generals. And then, when the enemies' stronghold had been carried and razed to the ground, the curse was invoked to blast the site forever and make it unfit thenceforth for human habitation. Could we return to the primeval *naïveté* of our forefathers we should probably account for the wilderness that once was Carthage by the spell cast upon that city by the triumphant Scipio, or the squalor and insignificance of modern Corinth by the curse of the conquering Mummius. Perhaps, too, we might trace the final defeat of Hannibal back to the maledictions which the outraged people of Saguntum hurled upon the head of him who had brutally violated an innocent neutrality and treated an international agreement as a scrap of paper. If the principle is established by this precedent, here is the opportunity for a Belgian revenge.

The Greeks and Romans, however, were not the only peoples of the Mediterranean basin who were acquainted with the curse; the Semites, and among them the Hebrews, knew it and practised it. Naturally, the official religion with its high conceptions of deity and morality recognized the power to bless and to curse as the prerogative of God alone, but the masses of the people flouted the denunciations of priest and prophet, and insisted, with the Phœnician and Moabite, that blessing and cursing were also functions of mortal man. As is to be expected, the latter function was discharged much more frequently than the former, since the hand and heart of man are quicker to work evil than good. Sometimes the people appealed to them "that had familiar spirits," to "wizards that peep and mutter," for help in their nefarious designs, but ordinarily they attempted to achieve their desire unassisted. That the attempt was regarded by the better classes as a heinous offence there is ample testimony throughout

the Bible. For instance, when Balaam set out upon his errand to curse Israel, he was halted by God himself and persuaded to pronounce blessings instead. Again, one of the facts that Job adduced to prove his own integrity was that he had never suffered his mouth to sin by wishing a curse to his enemy's soul. Now this conviction of the sinfulness of the practice could not have existed had the common people at all questioned its potency, and none knew better than Jesus himself what a hard precept he was enjoining upon men in requiring them not merely to manifest the noble, though negative quality of self-restraint in refusing to return a curse for a curse, but to exercise the positive virtue of requiting a curse with a blessing.

Yet the Hebrews did not confine themselves to this relatively petty conception of the curse; like the Greeks, as we have already seen, they also viewed it as the ultimate explanation of the evil bent of certain persons and certain family strains, and of the innate perversity of all the children of Adam. It accounted also for many of those sudden calamities in human life which but few believe to be wholly fortuitous—the humbling of princes, the flight of wealth, the visitation of plague, the stroke of death, the invasion of enemies. Indeed, it was thought to be through a curse that Babylon, “that great city is fallen, fallen.” And if we put any faith in the apocryphal Book of Jubilees we can there learn that the reason for the utter disappearance of the Philistines from the face of the earth is the solemn curse laid upon them by Isaac.

However, the curse was chiefly an instrument of private rather than of public vengeance, for all phases of magic have always been essentially anti-social, and it is in this capacity that we may see it at its best, or, as one may interpret it, at its worst. While much the greater number of extant curse-tablets are inscribed with Greek formulæ, yet enough have been found inscribed with Latin to prove that the device was well known to all classes of Roman society as of Greek.

The simplest form of the curse-tablet is a roughly rectangular sheet of lead of about the area of half a dozen postage stamps. Upon this was incised the name of an enemy and it was then thrown into a body of water or a grave. In Greek lands several

large deposits of these have been found in dried-up wells or opened graves. In this easy and clandestine fashion the resorter to magic drowned or buried his enemy. Moreover, the death-stroke of the curse was supposed to reach past the mortal body to the very soul and to dispatch it, too, to the end of time. In the later period of the practice the sprits of those drowned at sea, or of the dead within the tombs into which the leaden tablets were cast, were brought in some mysterious way to communicate the wish of the curser to the gods of the lower regions, who were bound by the very nature of magic to put the curses into effect. In other words, the layer of lead was a letter, as it is actually called in one tablet; the grave or well was the letter-box in the nether postal service; the spirits of the departed, especially of those who had died violent or premature deaths, were the postmen; and the infernal gods were the receiving correspondents. To continue the figure, the proper incantation of a formula when the letter was dropped into the box was tantamount to a special stamp insuring prompt delivery and an equally prompt reply.

The most highly developed form of the curse-tablet is exceedingly complicated and has the marks of studied organization. The simple form that we have just surveyed was such that even a fool or a wayfaring man could use it effectually without training. The use of the elaborate form, on the contrary, was confined to those who had been tutored by experts in the magical liturgies. Furthermore, this professional class, fearful of a shrinking of their revenues, after the manner of the master soothsayers at Philippi, took great care that the layman should learn as little as possible of their craft. In brief, they managed to secure a monopoly of magical operations, constituting themselves a sort of Magic Trust Company which had as the main clause of its charter, so to speak, the artificial character of its formulæ.

We shall now consider one of these complicated formulæ, choosing as the most suitable for our purpose one of the five Roman tablets of the early Augustan period that are now in the Archæological Museum of the Johns Hopkins University. A condensed translation would run on this wise:

"Good and beautiful Proserpina [or Salvia, shouldst thou prefer], mayest thou wrest away the health, body, complexion,

strength, and faculties of Plotius and consign him to thy husband, Pluto. Grant that by his own devices he may not escape this penalty. Mayest thou consign him to the quartian, tertian and daily fevers to war and wrestle with him until they snatch away his very soul. Wherefore I hand over this victim to thee, Proserpina [or, shouldst thou prefer, Acherusia]. Mayest thou summon for me the three-headed hound Cerberus to tear out the heart of Plotius, and mayest thou pledge thyself to give him three offerings—dates, figs, and a black swine—should he finish his task before the month of March. These offerings, Proserpina, I shall entrust to thee as soon as thou shalt have made good my vow. Proserpina Salvia, I give thee the head of Plotius, the slave of Avonia, his brow and eyebrows, eyelids, and pupils, I give thee his ears, nose, nostrils, tongue, lips, and teeth, so he may not speak his pain; his neck, shoulders, arms, and fingers, so that he may not aid himself; his breast, liver, heart, and lungs, so he may not locate his pain; his bowels, belly, navel and flanks, so he may not sleep the sleep of health; his thighs, legs, knees, shanks, feet, ankles, heels, toes, and toe-nails, so he may not stand of his own strength. As Plotius has prepared a curse against me, in like manner do I consign him to thee to visit a curse on him ere the end of February. May he most miserably perish and depart this life. Mayest thou so irrevocably damn him that his eyes may never see the light of another month."

A study of the plan of this curse throws much light on the methods of the ancient magician. First, the Queen of Hades is invoked, care being taken to use her real and essential name, for this, as opposed to a nickname, inextricably bound the god, willy-nilly, to the speaker's service. The nether queen is now coerced, though under the inoffensive guise of prayer, to cast a series of veritable Egyptian plagues on the hapless victim. In a most diabolically systematic manner these are told of one by one. Their full tale is calculated to imbue with pain every significant feature of the man's anatomy from crown to toe. The next conspicuous item is the presence of precautionary clauses: not till the goddess grants the wish will the fee be paid, and the petitioner, in a naive retaliatory spirit, metes out his curse as the

curse has been meted out to him. The formula concludes with an impressive recapitulation, the purpose of which is to leave no doubt that the victim is destroyed, body and soul, to all eternity. As a sort of duplicate surety the document was folded, probably to enclose the victim's soul. An iron spike was then driven through the metal so as to pierce the contained soul, this constituting the technical act of defixion which has given this form of the curse its name, *defixio*.

We do not have to leave Canada, however, to find specimens of curse-tablets, for all told there are four at present in the Royal Ontario Museum of Archæology. Two are still folded up and pierced by the defixing nail and are therefore undeciphered, but the remaining two have been successfully read. One of these, a circular plaque of thin lead, which was originally neither pierced nor folded, is inscribed with a Greek formula which might possibly be of service to any of us when involved in a lawsuit. It reads:—

"I bind, I bind, the tongue, body, feet, and hands of Aristobulus. I bind the feet, tongue, household, strength, and body of Aristobulus my opponent at law. I bind the tongue, body, feet, strength, and all the counsellors of Aristobulus. I bind Aristobulus, my opponent, himself." At this point the author of the imprecation is compelled to cease, not through virtue or satiety, but simply for the lack of further space.

Hardly a single field of activity was unsurpassed by the curse. We see it even essaying the rôle of a Sherlock Holmes or of an entire Scotland Yard, theft being the crime most frequently pursued. As a rule the curser seeks one or all of certain objects, first and chiefly, the recovery of the stolen goods; then the detection of the thief, if he is unknown, and lastly his punishment. A curse very typical of this class is recorded in the Book of Judges (xvii, 1-2): "And there was a man of Mount Ephraim, whose name was Micah. And he said unto his mother, The eleven hundred shekels of silver that were taken from thee and about which thou cursedst, and spakest of also in mine ears, behold, the silver is with me; I took it." Discovery and restitution seldom result so speedily from the employment of our clumsy modern methods. Probably what Micah's mother said,

or wrote, in substance, is expressed in so many words in a tablet found on the site of an ancient Roman colony in Portugal. "O Proserpina," says the petitioner, in brief, "I ask, entreat, and implore thee to punish the person, whoever he be, who has borrowed, or stolen, or abstracted from my wardrobe six shirts and two linen cloaks." As to the success of the entreaty we are left wholly in the dark. But sometimes the ancients were forehanded and did not postpone action until a theft had actually taken place—an anticipation of our modern system of burglar-insurance. For instance, the dainty owner of a pretty Greek vase found at Cumæ took the precaution of inscribing on this article of property "I am Tataie's oil-flask, and whoever steals me will be struck blind."

That the spirit and practice of intimidation by magical threat have not altogether vanished from the earth I am reminded by an experience of my youth. Years ago when I was attending a certain Canadian High School the life of the school was disturbed for several weeks by the occurrence of a number of petty thefts. At last the guilt was definitely fixed upon a certain boy, and one morning shortly afterward the following inscription, bearing a change of name, appeared on the walls of a cloakroom:—

"John Doe, accursèd be thy soul!
Toronto prison is thy goal.
Return the football and the whole
Of all the money that you stole."

It might easily be thought that the softer side of human life would be left untouched by the poison of the curse,—the affairs of the heart, for instance. But to believe that is to confess ignorance of human nature. Shakespeare, however, was not deceived, for he makes Venus say to her reluctant Adonis:—

"Where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, 'Kill, kill!'
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire."

The vindictive appeal of a rejected affection that we find on a *defixio* from Latium falls little short of this cry of "Kill, kill!"

Incidentally, it illustrates how the principle of analogy is employed by the magician.

"Just as the dead who here lies buried can neither speak nor converse, so may Rhodine, as far as Marcus Licinius Faustus is concerned, be dead and be unable to speak or to converse. Just as the dead is received neither among gods nor among men, so may Rhodine be unacceptable to M. Licinius and have as little influence with him as has this dead man who here lies buried. O Father Pluto, I hand over Rhodine to thee that she may ever be an object of hatred to M. Licinius Faustus." The author of this malediction withholds her name, but not wholly for the poet's reason that "Jealousy dislikes the world to know it." The fear of the law and of retaliation availed much to restrain her, and, moreover, we cannot neglect the possibility that she now considered Faustus lost to her forever and was therefore seeking only the satisfaction of revenge upon her hated rival.

In our modern sophistication we smile at her credulity the smile of the superior, but we ought to acknowledge a just rebuke when we reflect that such simplicity still exists upon the earth and in an enlightened community at that. The following specimen of the curse appeared in a daily newspaper of Nancy, France, in March 1910:

"Great Saint Exterminus, I conjure thee to go and torment the soul and spirit of Madame Fernande X, . . . who now resides in Paris, through the avenues of her five natural senses. May she be tormented, besieged by the desire to leave her husband. So be it. Great Saint Exterminus, I conjure thee to go and torment the spirit of Madame X's husband through his five natural senses. May he be unable to live without me. May he love only me. May his wife abandon him. Reunite us, great Saint Exterminus. So be it. Great Saint Exterminus, I conjure thee to go and torment the spirit of my own husband through his five senses. May he have only one idea—to give me money. Great Saint Exterminus, thou whose power is so vast, bring me once more to the man whom I love. I conjure thee. So be it."

I have already quoted a curse inscribed upon an oil-flask that threatened a contingent thief with blindness. The principle of

anticipation employed here is applied to other kinds of property also, and that throughout a geographical area extending from Mesopotamia to the western shores of the Mediterranean. It is most commonly found in connection with tombs. The longest and most complex formulæ appear in districts occupied by Semites. These represent the defunct as calling down dire imprecations upon the life of him who will be so bold as even to scribble on the sepulchre, alter the inscription in any way, mutilate the stone, or sell the land on which it is erected. Formulæ of substantially the same intent have been discovered by the American excavators of Sardis, and numbers have been unearthed in the old Italian cemeteries, notably in and around Rome. Some of these are composed in verse, which is not of the best either, but doubtless this added horror to the deterring threats. At all events, the defunct had spared no pains to ensure himself a peaceful and undisturbed rest for all eternity.

A no less ingenious utilization of this device is seen in an early Christian community which had not entirely shaken off its pagan associations. In the Cyrenaica the American archaeologists have found this inscription on a stone that originally belonged to a church: "If any one harms this temple of the worshippers in this place, trample down his house and in one generation obliterate his name and destroy his portion with the God-slaying Jews, but fail not to bless the race of those who give thought to thy temple, unto the end of the age." It is to be noted that the church officials call upon their patron saint in exactly the same way as their pagan forebears called upon the divinities of the Underworld.

In considering the curse we cannot pass over its natural ally, the oath. Wellhausen has described it as a provisional curse, a definition that will explain the popular tendency to regard swearing and cursing as identical. The simplest form of the oath may be observed in the language of that well-known type of petty vender who says of his wares: "I swear they are genuine, may God strike me dead if they are not!" words that never deceive any but the confirmed simpleton, for in itself the asseveration betrays a conscience which realizes that reverence for the truth is not one of its habits. They seem to be an echo of an

Oriental bazaar. Indeed, it was this very practice of extravagant statement in the transactions of the market-place that Jesus attacked when he exhorted men to make their speech "yea, yea, and nay, nay." He saw very clearly that a society in which simple declaration of fact was not sufficient to establish confidence between man and man was fundamentally perverse and incapable of intellectual and spiritual progress. There is no doubt that originally the oath was used with due consciousness of its real meaning; but that it had to be used at all is a pointed commentary upon prevailing social conditions. In process of time frequent employment of it dulled the perception of men as to its import, and they eventually ceased to believe one another even when truly sworn; the last state of that society was worse than the first.

Now elucidation of this matter enables us, if not exactly to rehabilitate the reputation of the Apostle Peter, at least to make it perfectly clear that when he cursed and swore to the handmaid in the high priest's hall he was not giving vent to the ribald profanity of an angry street ruffian. While it is impossible for us to produce his exact language, we can be sure of its substance. Charged with being a companion of Jesus Peter denied that he knew him. To a second charge he made denial again. A third charge, however, was too much for the impulsive disciple and in his spleen he said in effect: "No, I do not know this man of whom you speak. I swear I do not, and may God in Heaven curse me if ever I saw him before this night." Then rang out the reminding cry of the cock, and Peter came to himself. Besides being a deserter and a liar he had fallen from the noble ideal of the simple yea, yea, and nay, nay. "And when he thought thereon, he wept."

The many instances of oaths in classical literature are of the same nature as those that we have drawn from life in Palestine, and no further illustration is required. Yet one must remember that even if the imprecatory part of the formula may not be recorded by the author, it is nevertheless present by implication. The skeptical Ovid, who like Horace was always ready to poke fun at popular faith and credulity, alludes to all the essential elements of the oath in certain of his amatory pleasantries:—

"Believe that gods exist! She broke her vow;
Her face, though, beauteous then, is beauteous now.

"By her own eyes my darling lately swore,
And then by mine; and mine are aching sore.

"Were I a god I'd see no damage came
To pretty maid for swearing by my name.
Yes, I'd swear truth at any odds!
You would not class *me* with the gloomy gods.
But thou, fair damsel, use the great god's prize:
More moderately; or spare, at least, mine eyes."¹

At this point there is an easy transition to what we may call, without paradox, the literary curse. Once more Ovid is the author on whom we draw and we shall allow him to interpret in epitome his own poem, the *Ibis*, a work which, for obvious reasons, is not regularly prescribed for undergraduate reading. Heretofore, says Ovid, my Muse has borne no weapons, and not a single stain of blood mars my pages. All the missiles I have hurled from my sling have missed their mark and bounded back to the hurt only of the one who hurled them. But now must the Muse don armor and her darts must strike the butt, for an insidious and skilful foe has done me a grievous injury. With his vicious lampoons he has exposed me to public ridicule and ignominy. But an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a lampoon for a lampoon. Revenge is sweet. With the same curse with which Callimachus once sent the soul of Ibis to Tartarus thither do I now send thee and thine, O unnamed enemy.

Then follows the curse, a torrent of vituperation six hundred verses long, which, were they not tempered by rhythm and style, would deservedly be called downright Billingsgate. Though the poem is a perfect hymn of hate, yet there is method in its madness, the method of the professional sorcerer whose art we have seen in the tablets of defixion. First he invokes the gods, the greater and the lesser, summoning them as it were within a magic circle to work his bidding. Next follows the imprecation in which he prays down upon his victim all the dire afflictions to which human flesh is heir. Visit upon him, he entreats, pain,

¹Translated by Professor Rand of Harvard.

hunger, sleeplessness, impotency, care, mental anguish, and the consciousness of eternal disgrace. But ordinary pain will not suffice; it must be pain in every member, bone and muscle, pain beyond words to tell, pain so great that it will go with the victim beyond the grave to the Styx and Acheron. Last of all Ovid demands death—death by drowning, death by fire, death by torture, death by sword; to parody a popular expression, all deaths looked alike to Ovid, provided the hated foe should by any one of them be left really dead, and in the land of the departed suffer the combined agonies of Ixion, Sisyphus, Tantalus and the rest of the tormented shades.

To listen to such a recital is like entering a chamber of horrors—if one take the sentiments too seriously. But he who does that knows not Ovid. The very extravagance of ill will is indication enough that the whole piece is a burlesque. If incongruity is the source of all humor, surely the incongruity existing here between the consummate technique of a master of verse and the barbaric spirit of a plebeian superstition is sufficient to give the *Ibis* of Ovid the place in the humorous literature of Rome which the curse in *Tristram Shandy* occupies in the literature of England. We are quite free to interpret the real purpose of the poem as a *reductio ad absurdum* of a custom which because of its cruel intent had a disintegrating effect upon society. In no other way can one account for the prodigality of Ovid's *Schrecklichkeit*.

The example of Horace is more wholesome. He, too, had his pet enemy, but even in wishing a hearty "bad cess" to him he never forgot his golden *ne quid nimis* nor to interlineate his censure with smiles. Both he and Vergil loathed Mævius, but neither took the halter off his power to image evil and let it rage afield without control. Yet there is a difference between them, as we should expect; Vergil contents himself with the quick thrust of an allusion, while Horace takes up the slower weapon of defixion. I venture thus to render his tenth epode in verse:—

Sped by a curse of hate
A ship puts out to sea
With Mævius for freight,
My noisome enemy.

Rave, rave, then South Wind, rave,
 Buffeting fore and aft
 With unabating wave
 His cursèd little craft.

And thou, O East Wind, cleave
 Its sheets and stays in twain;
 Shiver its oars' and leave
 Them drifting on the main.

Thou, too, O North Wind, blow
 With all thy furious might
 That layeth forests low
 On the rugged mountain's height.

May not a star appear
 In heaven, however pale,
 To light the dark and steer
 Him through the autumn gale.

And may those same wild seas
 That rose when Pallas frown'd
 On Grecian argosies
 From Ilium homeward bound;

Aye, may that same wild storm
 Which sent foul Ajax under
 Rage now and rend the form
 Of Mævius asunder.

Oh! from your sailors' brows
 What a red sweat will start,
 As you raise coward vows
 To a Jove of harden'd heart,

When the Ionian sea,
 Lashed by the South Wind, rolls
 Your craft relentlessly
 And casts it on the shoals!

If then your sodden clay
 Be thrown high on the rocks,
 To cormorants a prey
 And other carrion flocks,

A lamb I'll sacrifice,
 And eke a kid, that night,
 As none too great a price
 To token my delight.

But how strange is the irony of life and letters! Here in the words with which he would consign Mævius to oblivion Horace insures him immortality. Had he passed him by in disdainful

silence, Mævius would now be scarcely more than an item in a dry *index nominum*; and this on Horace's own testimony, for he says in one of the odes:—

. . . . oblivion dark and long,
Has locked men in a tearless grave,
For lack of consecrating song.²

But who would expect us mortals to be absolutely consistent—especially in such affairs of the heart as poetry and cursing?

But there yet remains a poem which in my judgment is essentially the most humorous of all extant pieces of this order, since it depends for its effect upon intellectual subtlety, delicate allusion, restraint of desire and refinement of expression. To all of us who know the pinch of the increasing cost of living, and to those few who have endeavored to solve the problem by delusive investments in rural real estate, the point of this epigram of Martial is perfectly clear. The translation is that of the late Professor Kirby Flower Smith of the Johns Hopkins University.³

Charinus pines with envy, bursts with spite;
He weeps, he raves, indeed, the rumor goes,
When once he finds a branch of proper height
He means to hang himself and end his woes.

Because my epigrams are said and sung
From Thebes to Britain, Cadiz to Cathay?
Because my book fares sumptuously along
The thousand nations 'neath the Roman sway?

Oh no. My country place just out of town,
The span of mules I own,—Dame Rumor saith
These be the things that cast Charinus down,
These be the things that make him dream of death.

What curse invoked repays such envy best?
Severus, what's your judgment of the case?
My own in just nine words may be expressed:
I wish him this: my mules and country place.

W. SHERWOOD FOX.

Western University, London, Canada.

² Conington.

³ Published in the *Sewanee Review*, January, 1918.

TOM JONES AND TOM-MANIA

Poor Tom Jones has suffered much from his enemies, God knows, but it may well be doubted whether they have done him more harm than his friends. Whenever the Comstocks and other severe moralists have hounded him out of the sedate seclusion of our libraries, he has always drawn to himself a hundred lusty friends on the street. But when his idolaters have put him up on a pedestal as a classic, and have raved about him as the perfection of art, he has, I fancy, lost favor rather than found it. Especially with those who find some things in the modern novel which they look for in vain in *Tom Jones* this unmeasured flattery of the eighteenth-century novel by the Tom-maniacs, who can find nothing to praise in twentieth-century fiction, is only an exasperation. Let it be confessed, I have never believed *Tom Jones* to be the greatest English novel, but the common assertion that it is, recently converted my lack of reverence for the book into a fervid malevolence; my aversion to the novel boiled over and I reread it with malice prepense.

Fielding, however, proved to be his own best apologist. I rediscovered for myself that generous and bold heart, that scorn of cant, that shrewd eye, that merry wit, and that gift for language, now blunt, now eloquent, now quizzical, all those qualities that have made their possessor a man to be admired as well as a great literary figure. His style deserves all the praise it gets, and the celebrated introduction of his heroine, in which a parody of the sublime style gradually shades into the simple earnest of the allusion to his wife, is beyond praise. Indeed, the "ordinary" which he undertakes to provide is very extraordinary among English repasts in the perfection of the service. The gracious manners of mine host, familiar and unstarched at times but never rough, the excellent seasoning, and the appropriate garnitures are such as one has come to expect of Gallic restaurateurs rather than of the purveyors of English prose.

As for the substance of the feast, Fielding makes the gallant boast that "The provision which we have here made is no other than *Human Nature*." A few lines later he admits that "true

nature is as difficult to be met with in authors, as the Bayonne ham or Bologna sausage, is to be found in the shops." It is, therefore, little to his discredit if he has not been able to provide throughout the meal so rare a luxury: though it is to the discredit of his critics if they do not discover and point out where some cheaper substitute has been served up in place of the genuine article. Most of Fielding's characters are astonishingly real: Squire Western and his sister, Partridge, Mrs. Honor, Lady Bellaston, Sophia, and Tom himself. But Professor Cross has recently pronounced the sweeping generalization that "Every man and every woman in that novel is a human being." True to nature, "Even Allworthy has his weak or blind side. . . . Even Blifil has his good points." Now it is interesting to note that in his excellent book on *The Development of the English Novel*, published twenty years ago, Professor Cross wrote that "Allworthy is generosity hardly moulded into a type: young Blifil is deceit hardly moulded into a type. . . . There is also a good deal in Fielding that was already conventional."

I am inclined to believe that Professor Cross was a sounder critic twenty years ago than he is to-day. The characterization that puts into Allworthy's mouth a deathbed oration of pompous platitudes or into that of Tom himself the flowery protestation of devotion to Sophia which preludes his second escapade with Molly Seagrim is not flawless. Fielding once makes Tom say to Sophia: "Nay, don't look angrily at me: one frown will destroy me. I mean nothing. Blame my eyes or blame those beauties. . . . I have struggled with my love to the utmost and endeavored to conceal a fever which preys on my vitals, and will, I hope, soon make it impossible for me ever to offend you more." This from the lips of a youth who is spontaneous and natural to a fault was surely an impossibility even in the eighteenth century.

Again it must be maintained that Fielding's handling of Tom, Sophia, and Blifil as children is stiff with the stiffness of a Sunday school prize-book. The eighteenth century seems to have been occupied with the morals of children to the exclusion of every non-moral activity. If Bobbie told a lie or Susan gave a guinea to a beggar, the incident was deemed worthy of literary

treatment; but the fancies and pranks of children which violated none of the commandments or in no way inconvenienced their parents were simply ignored. Contrast the story of naughty Master Blifil and Miss Sophia's pet bird with the first chapter of Kipling's *Light that Failed*. Certainly if the science of the last half century can boast of discovering our ancestor of twenty or more thousand years ago, the literature of the same period can vaunt itself upon discovering our ancestor of twenty or more years ago—the child that is father to the man. When did we ever see our young selves faithfully mirrored in literature before *The Mill on the Floss*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *Stalky and Co.*, and *The Golden Age*, to mention but a few examples, appeared to delight us?

Furthermore, in the final estimate of an author's mastery of character, one must consider not only the fidelity of the portraits he paints, but also the difficulty of the portraits he attempts. It is one thing to sketch, however admirably, the eccentricities of Squire Western and the simple nobility of Sophia: it is another to delineate the subtleties of Sir Willoughby Patterne or Becky Sharp. It must be conceded that Thackeray and Meredith possess an insight into complex character which is denied to Fielding. Fielding is an excellent Frans Hals, even perhaps a Van Dyke; but he is not a Holbein or a Leonardo. Let us all admit gladly enough that in the repast that Fielding puts before us he has used excellent materials and rare; and let us thank the gods for such victualing. But when any connoisseur of literary fare pronounces them without exception unsurpassed in English fiction, it becomes a painful duty to make a few uncomplimentary remarks about Fielding's ordinary.

Another extravagant claim of the Tom-maniacs is that the arrangement of the menu, the harmonious ordering of the courses in a sequence leading to a climax, exhibits a mastery never before displayed in the history of the art. Coleridge's preposterous dictum that he could discover in no literature a plot more logically and consistently developed seems to be the effect of the same drug that produced *Kubla Khan*: for though it has none of the intoxicating imagery of that marvelous poem, it evinces as little sense of fact. Of course, to get your hero into a plight

where he is disowned by his guardian, spurned by his lady, jailed on a charge of murder, and bitten with remorse at the idea that he had unwittingly lain with his own mother: and then by a fairly plausible series of accidents to extricate him from all these torments is a considerable feat of ingenuity. But what logic is there in an itinerary which takes Miss Sophia and Mr. Jones after her through Coventry on her way from Upton to London? If by consistency is meant a steady progress to the dramatic climax, an omission of all matter that either does not advance the action or intensify the emotional effect of the action, *Tom Jones* contains too many casual incidents to merit such lavish praise. It is surely an additional blemish in the plot that the central theme is one of the most hackneyed in the history of literature. The hero of mysterious birth who turns out in the last canto or scene or chapter or reel to be a demigod or a duke or a well-to-do distiller, has thrilled his audiences, his readers, and his "fans" since the dawn of the arts to this hour. After all, if originality of conception, emotional intensity, and severity of design be taken as the criteria of plot architecture, I cannot see how Fielding's masterpiece can challenge comparison with Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

The mention of Hardy suggests another point of contrast, again to the disadvantage of Fielding. Like Johnson and Lamb, Fielding was clearly a man of the town, and could scarcely have thrilled to the sublime pageantry of the seasons on land and sea. When he saw a country bumpkin, he saw the bumpkin, but not the country. Hardy, however, by his realization of that background of awe and beauty, makes a homely shepherd tending his sheep by starlight on Norcombe Hill as sublime a figure as Milton's Adam going about his tasks in the solemn groves of Eden: and renders a village milkmaid captured by the police at Stonehenge a thousand times more moving than many queens who step from their thrones to the scaffold. Readers who have felt in Hardy and Meredith, Conrad and Stevenson, how much of poignancy and power the vividly painted background of forest or mountain, meadow or sea, lends to our human drama, will hardly concede to the Tom-maniacs the title of the greatest English novel for a book where the background counts for nothing.

One more criticism of *Tom Jones* and I have done with carping. If those who have sampled the pigeon pasty and toasted cheese at a certain famous eighteenth-century tavern in London have found the fare less wholesome than a more up-to-date dietary, it is only natural that Fielding's bill of fare should contain a few items repugnant to a modern stomach. It is no fault of his that he made it up in 1749 instead of 1919. But if one turns to the novel for the advanced social ideas of our time he will be disappointed. He will perhaps even be diverted at the discovery of certain highly indigestible mediæval ideas among those that are served up to him. The author's casual remark that Allworthy intended to give Jennie Jones in marriage to a neighboring curate, for whom, so far as we know, she had not the slightest inclination, much as he might plan to couple a broodmare and a stallion, suggests that Fielding found acceptable the feudal conception of the powers possessed by the lord of the manor.

Mediæval, too, is his attitude towards women. He is as clear an example of the typical chivalrous attitude as one could wish. The mediæval knight took solemn oath to respect the chastity of women, and he held in scorn the gallant who toyed with every pleasing maid and matron. So Fielding represents Tom Jones never as seducing, though often seduced, and with entire consistency and genuine fervor inveighs against that careless man-about-town, Nightingale: "It is certain he had been guilty of some indefensible treachery to women, and had in a certain mystery, called making love, practised many deceits, which, if he had used in trade, he would have been counted the greatest villain upon earth. But as the world, I know not well for what reason, agree to see this treachery in a better light, he was so far from being ashamed of his iniquities in this kind, that he gloried in them, and would often boast of his skill in gaining of women, and his triumphs over their hearts, for which he had before this time received some rebukes from Jones, who always expressed great bitterness against any misbehavior to the fair part of the species, who if considered, he said, as they ought to be, in the light of the dearest friends, were to be cultivated, honored, and caressed with the utmost love and tenderness; but

if regarded as enemies, were a conquest of which a man ought rather to be ashamed than to value himself upon it."

So far chivalry is only another name for common decency, and is as much a modern ideal as a mediæval. But though women here and there contributed much to mediæval culture, the typical chivalrous attitude never conceded much more to them than a reverence for their chastity and a certain ceremonial courtesy. True to type, the chivalrous Fielding never held that the cultivating and honoring of women should be extended to the intellectual sphere. If he allows Mrs. Western easily to best her brother in every wordy passage of arms, he also is at pains to ridicule the superficiality of her knowledge, not only of the great world but even of plain human nature. His feminine ideal is fulfilled in Sophia, whom Squire Allworthy eulogizes in these words: "No dictatorial sentiments, no judicial opinions, no profound criticisms." [These, of course, are a masculine prerogative!] "Whenever I have seen her in a company of men, she hath been all attention, with the modesty of a learner, not the forwardness of a teacher. . . . Indeed she always showed the highest deference to the understanding of men, a quality absolutely essential to the making a good wife." Fielding is even capable of attributing to Sophia a degree of feminine subjection which even the Middle Ages to a large extent rejected. Mediæval courtly sentiment was generally sympathetic with the wife tyrannized over by her husband. But Fielding's paragon is capable of this cynical advice to Lady Fitzpatrick: "You must remember, my dear, the maxim my aunt Western hath so often repeated to us both; that whenever the matrimonial alliance is broke, and war declared between husband and wife, she can hardly make a disadvantageous peace for herself on any conditions." Though this, to be sure, is rather a counsel of expediency than a declaration of principle, nevertheless it displays a meek acquiescence in the humiliation of women that is a disgrace to her author no less than to Sophia. Fielding's chivalry stops at the walls of the matrimonial estate, and even consents to the hue and cry that goes up after the wife who flees outside these bounds.

When one has thus perceived that Fielding not only held this antiquated view of rights manorial and matrimonial, but also held

that to be "piously religious to his Creator, most zealously loyal to his sovereign" was a title to high esteem, any reader of discernment is apt to come to the conclusion that with all his good heart, Fielding was bound by some of the most heartless traditions of the Middle Ages.

Yet that would be only half the truth. We know that he was not himself so zealously loyal to his sovereign that he did not defend the bourgeois Revolution of 1688, nor so piously religious that he did not occasionally submit revealed dogma to the test of reason. For instance, speaking through Allworthy he says: "To represent the Almighty as avenging the sins of the guilty on the innocent" [as of course the Bible expressly represents him as doing] "was indecent if not blasphemous, as it was not to represent him as acting against the original notions of right and wrong, which he himself had implanted in our minds; by which we were to judge not only in all matters which were not revealed, but even of the truth of revelation itself." Can it be the conservative Fielding uttering these Voltairean blasphemies?

In regard to the matter of property, too, Fielding was somewhat in advance of the general attitude of his day, and had already arrived at the notion of the stewardship of wealth, which in conservative quarters is now at last supplanting the once dominant theory, that to waste or abuse one's own wealth is a sacred and inviolable privilege, which none but God might question. It is quite clear that he includes himself when he says: "Others, on the contrary, appear to be as firmly persuaded, that beneficence is a positive duty, and whenever the rich fall greatly short of their ability in relieving the distresses of the poor, their pitiful largesses are so far from being meritorious, that they have only performed their duty by halves, and are in some sense more contemptible than those who have entirely neglected it." Fielding's generous instinct therefore, led him to the principle, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need." To be sure, his conservative instinct held him back from the corollary that society has as much right to enforce that principle as any other, such as the duty of all to contribute according to their power to the national defence. Nevertheless, he has come perilously near to the dangerous doctrines of Ruskin.

Furthermore, if I have convicted Fielding of a certain illiberal attitude toward women, I must in fairness add that he also shows striking instances of sympathy and justice. Here is a touch that is perhaps more modern than anything else in the book: "The elegant Lord Shaftesbury somewhere objects to telling too much truth; by which it may be fairly inferred, that, in some cases, to lie is not only excusable but commendable. And surely there are no persons who may so properly challenge a right to this commendable deviation from truth, as young women in the affair of love; for which they may plead precept, education, and, above all, the sanction, nay I may say the necessity of custom, by which they are restrained, not from submitting to the honest impulses of nature (for that would be a foolish prohibition) but from owning them." Strange that the conventional Fielding should be guilty of this sharp thrust at compulsory prudery and enforced suppression, which might have flowed so naturally from the pen of the execrable Mr. Wells.

Taking the book, then, in the large, and noting how its author obviously directs his batteries against sanctimonious hypocrisy, seduction, and Richardsonian propriety, we must concede to Fielding, even if we were not aware that he was also the author of *Amelia* and a treatise on the poor, the honorable title of a reformer. That it is a title he would be proud to bear we may conclude from one of the most characteristic and noblest passages in the book itself, the opening of Book XV:—

"There are a set of religious, or rather moral writers, who teach that virtue is the certain road to happiness, and vice to misery, in this world. A very wholesome and comfortable doctrine, and to which we have but one objection, namely, that it is not true.

"Indeed, if by virtue these writers mean the exercise of those cardinal virtues, which like good housewives stay at home, and mind only the business of their own family, I shall very readily concede the point; for so surely do all these contribute and lead to happiness, that I could almost wish, in violation of all the ancient and modern sages, to call them rather by the name of wisdom, than by that of virtue. . . .

"But if by virtue is meant (as I almost think it ought) a certain relative quality, which is always busying itself with-

out-doors, and seems as much interested in pursuing the good of others as its own; I cannot so easily agree that this is the surest way to human happiness; because I am afraid we must then include poverty and contempt, with all the mischiefs which backbiting, envy, and ingratitude can bring on mankind, in our idea of happiness; nay, sometimes, perhaps we shall be obliged to wait upon the said happiness to a jail; since many by the above virtue have brought themselves thither."

A reformer, then, Fielding surely was: and, as we know, he had to endure the sneers and the rebuffs and the persecution which all those have to endure who endeavor to make over human nature in the interest of the future. But he and others of his kind have so far managed to transform human nature that there is scarcely one of his reforms but is a *fait accompli* or nearly so. People who if they had lived in Fielding's day would have solemnly swallowed the Adam-and-Eve story, and domineered over their children, and felt not the slightest social responsibility for the use of their wealth, use their common sense on the Old Testament, and pamper their children, and endow hospitals and libraries, and colleges. Of course, they persecute the suffragists and birth-controllers and single-taxers and anti-militarists and agnostics, and put under the ban the books which are tainted with these newfangled and pernicious doctrines. But Fielding's reforms are accomplished: they are accepted in even the most conservative circles: and therefore *Tom Jones* is a safe book, and the sect of the Tom-maniacs flourishes among those who will not have anything but the latest in limousines, but prefer their ideas, like their wines, well aged. This is the grand secret of Tom-mania.

There is another secret of Tom-mania. Reformer though he was, Fielding was one of that variety whose method of improving the world is not to see that the power of economic exploitation is so far as possible abolished, but to appeal to those who possess it to return some share of their spoils to their victims; whose method is not to see that women have opinions of their own, but to lecture the unscrupulous men who would take advantage of their docility; whose method is not to challenge any hoary right,

but to persuade, cajole, badger, scold, and lampoon the possessor into using it with the least possible harm to society. Therefore all those who enjoy prescriptive rights, all those who have vested interests to guard, and all those who enjoy the favors of privilege, finding in much contemporary literature a threatening murmur, fling back to the literature of the past for an author that is as safe and sane as the Republican party. Most of them find Thackeray or Dickens satisfactory enough, but there is a minority who do not feel perfectly safe till they are back in a period before the Declaration of Independence was written or the Marseillaise sung. In *Tom Jones* they find nothing to ruffle the feathers of any pious and respectable bird, with a well-lined nest and a well-bred offspring. And so they declare this the greatest English novel, and preach the cult of Tom-mania.

At this point, perhaps, some of my readers will suspect that the malice which I confessed at the outset had by no means evaporated and given place to candor. Rather than endure such a suspicion longer, I shall proceed to pay *Tom Jones* one of the highest compliments in my power, namely, that it is a clear foreshadowing of the naturalistic novel. *Amelia*, to be sure, possesses far more clearly the earmarks of naturalistic method and philosophy; for its author knew the world far better than the younger author of *Tom Jones*: yet even in the ebullient vitality and facile optimism of the earlier book there may be detected an adherence, partly in practice, partly in theory, to the principles of naturalism.

These principles, on the one hand, prescribe a literary method, that of the severest realism; on the other, they repudiate the orthodox Aristotelian canons which had attempted to force upon literature a certain view of life. A close study of *Tom Jones* shows, on the one hand, a deliberate feeling after the realistic method, and on the other a complete repudiation of the Aristotelian canons and a partial repudiation of the view of life which they prescribed.

By way of announcing his realistic intention, Fielding calls his book a history. Not only is Sophia Western proclaimed to be the counterpart of his own wife, not only is Tom somewhat notoriously a piece of self-portraiture, but also Allworthy,

Square, and others had their prototypes among his acquaintance. In *Joseph Andrews* Fielding had previously declared that "Everything is copied from the Book of Nature, and scarce a character or action produced which I have not taken from my own observations or experience." And later in that same book he inserts a footnote to this effect: "Lest this should seem to appear unnatural to some readers, we think proper to acquaint them that it is taken verbatim from very polite conversation." Does not this sound very like Zola's damnable practice of documentation? That in Allworthy's case Fielding has not succeeded in breathing the breath of life into a model of generosity, that in the case of Thwackum and Square characterization has been stretched to the point of caricature, that in the conduct of events the probabilities are sometimes outraged, all these do not destroy Fielding's profession that he attempted an almost photographic fidelity to life. And though the fare which he has provided in *Tom Jones* is not all that he claims for it, it is to his glory that he did much to set the fashion for so excellent a dietary. Long before Zola he preached and practised the realistic method.

Fielding's view of life has already come in for some discussion, but it is interesting to examine it again from the angle of naturalistic theory. As we have noted, he is in many ways a slave of convention, yet withal a slave with a keen eye for humbug. Though he pays his respects to religion and the constituted authorities as dutifully as a devout banker thanks God for the beneficent provision of his "daily bread," yet in the matter of literary theory he calls in question some of the most sacred canons of his day in regard to fiction. Their ancient and august promulgator was Aristotle. Though originally applied only to poetry, and in particular tragedy, they are capable of a much wider application, and as a matter of fact have been extended by critics both old and new to cover all literature. Their avowed purpose has ever been and still is to force upon letters the demonstration of a theodicy, to display in art, not Chance, but Eternal Justice ruling the world. They still find allegiance among the more keen-sighted of those in academic and critical circles who perceive the catastrophic conclusions to which

scientific discovery and the free use of common sense are driving us.

The Aristotelian canons with which we are concerned are three. The first is that of Poetic Justice: "A good man must not be seen passing from happiness to misery, nor a bad man from misery to happiness." The second is almost a particularization of the first, and requires that no strange accident be introduced into literature, unless it be in accord with Poetic Justice. As restated by Professor Butcher it runs: "Chance with its unreason is as far as possible banished from the domain of poetry,—except indeed where the skill of the poet can impart to it an appearance of design." The third is that of propriety; for instance, "it is not appropriate in a female character to be manly or clever." It is, of course, also an infringement upon propriety to suggest that any of the accepted superstitions about kings, or priests, or bastards are flubdub. Of course, these venerable laws had been ignored in all great literature from the *Odyssey* to *Don Quixote*. But nothing in the history of literature is more provocative of laughter than to see how few are the critics honest enough to apply these laws to the classics, and how many are the valiant vigilantes who trot them out in one form or another when an iconoclastic modern is under consideration.

The first law, that of Poetic Justice, Fielding cracks with a blow. In a passage already quoted he refers, probably with Richardson in mind, to "a set of religious or rather moral writers who teach that virtue is the certain road to happiness and vice to misery in this world." This, he remarks sarcastically, is "a very wholesome and comfortable doctrine, and to which we have but one objection, namely, that it is not true." Fielding was not alone in his attack on Poetic Justice: Addison knocked a few chips off it, and so did Johnson in one of his more rational moments. Nevertheless it is still preserved in some academic museums, and numbers among its more recent enunciators Professor Butcher and Mr. Courtney in England and Professors Paul Elmer More and Bliss Perry in this country.

The second law, which proscribes in imaginative literature those "truths that are stranger than fiction," also comes in for Fielding's criticism. "It is, I think, the opinion of Aristotle;

or if not, of some wise man, whose authority will be as weighty when it is as old, 'That it is no excuse for a poet who relates what is incredible that the thing related is really matter of fact.' This may perhaps be allowed true with regard to poetry, but it may be thought impracticable to extend it to the historian" [in other words, the realistic novelist] "for he is obliged to record matters as he finds them, though they be of so extraordinary a nature as will require no small degree of historical faith to swallow them." Fielding, then, casts a doubt on the application of this rule to poetry, and entirely disallows its appreciation to realistic literature. Herein he shows a naturalistic tendency and puts himself on the other side of the fence from those critics who live in terror lest Chance should play the part in literature that it plays in life. Professor Butcher makes proclamation that "Chance is the very antithesis of Art. It is an irrational cause; it suggests anarchy and misrule. . . . And yet in a popular sense nothing is more probable than the occurrence of what is called accident." Brunetière has endeavored to make it a law of the drama, that the superiority of one drama over another consists largely in the degree to which the share of Chance is minimized. And there are a host of lesser critics who wail over the part that perverse accidents play in the naturalistic novel. Apparently they would have literature a series of pattern studies showing how just the gods ought to be to men, and would be in reality if they were not being constantly overruled by anarchic Chance.

The third law, which rules that caste distinctions and social forms be not threatened in any way, Fielding defied, not only in theory, but in practice at every turn. His methods of throwing down the gauntlet to the proprieties show a curious similarity to those of Mr. Hardy. Just as Hardy challenged the materialists, whose notion of sexual purity takes account only of the flesh, when he wrote his title, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles, A Pure Woman*, so did Fielding challenge the prudes of his day with his title of *Tom Jones, A Foundling*. Not only was the choice of a bastard as his hero a Shavian thrust at the doctrine of propriety, but I believe that the Lady Bellaston episode was written the same provocative intent as Tess's return to Alec

D'Urberville in her extremity. Just as Hardy believed in the face of popular denial that under certain circumstances a married woman could become the mistress of a man she hated and yet preserve a full title to our love and admiration; so Fielding believed in the face of popular denial that a man could come to the verge of becoming the kept favorite of a woman he did not love, and yet be entitled to our liking and respect. The cases are parallel except in so far as burly Tom could have easily found a way out of his predicament by doing a little honest work or even by exhibiting his handsome figure as a footman, whereas Tess had tried every resource but found not only herself but her whole family in the last extremity. Tom's backbone appears by contrast with Tess's like the proverbial chocolate éclair. Yet, strange to say, Tom has been let off pretty easily by the conservative critics, whereas Tess has come in for little short of downright Billingsgate. Here is Coleridge's comment on the Bellaston episode, which certainly deserves immortality as a masterpiece of shuffling:—

"Even in the most questionable part of *Tom Jones* I cannot but think after frequent reflection, that an additional paragraph, more fully and forcibly unfolding Tom Jones's sense of self-degradation on the discovery of the true character of the relation in which he had stood to Lady Bellaston, and his awakened feeling of the dignity of manly chastity, would have removed in great measure any just objections, at all events relatively to Fielding himself, and with regard to the state of manners in his time."

Of course, we do not have Coleridge's verdict upon Tess, but I do not think he would demur from the sentence passed upon her by a writer in one of our foremost journals when her tale first appeared in print. This reviewer calls her conduct "flagrantly impure," sneers at the hypothesis that her character possessed an intrinsic purity, and declares that she returned to her first lover "for reasons which a woman of common decency would have rejected as frivolous." These reasons were nothing more, as we all know, than that her family were merely homeless and starving. The contrast between these two pronouncements would be merely laughable were it not so significant. It shows

how the deep-seated but unconscious instinct that forgives all disloyalties and indulgences to a male and none to a female and the equally deep-seated but often unconscious instinct that discriminates always in favor of the "safe" novel as against the "dangerous" novel play a part in the criticism of literature that is frankly appalling.

And what is it about Hardy's novel that is so dangerous, that brings down upon poor Tess's head these savage fulminations? It is not only that her creator has offended against the doctrine of propriety in making a woman who in her youth and innocence had been betrayed and who in an agony of self-humiliation for the sake of her family endures the horror of returning to her seducer, one of the most adorable of all the heroines of literature. Hardy has also offended against another critical law, which though not stated by Aristotle is implied in the first two laws which we have considered, and which is made much of nowadays by the conservative critics. This law declares that literature must demonstrate the freedom of the will or cease to be literature. Now Hardy set out to show that Tess was the sport of circumstance, not the mistress of her own destiny. He made his case at once so convincing and appealing that all the "safe and sane" critics have consigned his work to oblivion ever since. As one of them puts it, "Mr. Hardy's art, admirable as it is in many respects, is bound up with scientific determinism, and must eventually accept the fate that awaits the modern [*sic*] doctrine."

The same critic is at pains to prove, of course, that *Tom Jones*, the greatest English novel, is utterly free from all taint of determinism, and that in that faithful mirror of life character is never moulded in the slightest degree by outward events. This is what he says:—

"There are four lewd women, in *Tom Jones*. Each can satisfy her conscience for the life she lives. A novelist of to-day, depicting one of these women, would be tempted to explain her on the score of an insufficient wage and to take occasion to hammer the employer who pays her but ten dollars a week for labor worth two or three times that amount. . . . Now a scant wage . . . may have disastrous consequences; but it never occurred to Fielding to bring in such a reason to account for his queans. . . . All

these women knew what they were about. Fielding relates the circumstances of their lives and lets it go at that, leaving the reader with the inference, undoubtedly the correct one, that in all four instances it was a matter of temperament. By this procedure he probably did not satisfy the journalists of his own day any more than he can satisfy the reformers of the twentieth century."

Now, as we have shown, Fielding is not altogether satisfactory to the reformers of the twentieth century, but in this particular he is far more satisfactory than our critic would have him be. For he does *not* leave any careful and candid reader with the inference that with all four of his "lewd women" it was a matter of temperament. If our critic believes that four out of every four "lewd women" lead the life of irregular intercourse from temperamental inclination, his ignorance of the class certainly does him credit. But his ignorance of plain human nature, not to speak of the very considerable statistical data on the subject of the social problem, hardly does credit to one who speaks so glibly of "life as it is" and of "things as they are." Ask anyone who knows, from pimp to reformatory principal, what brought the women into the profession, and their answers will differ radically from the smug theory of voluntary choice.

Fielding knew life far too well to represent all four of the women who strayed from the path of virgin chastity or of marital fidelity as doing so from a preference for the riot and revelry of sexual excess. It requires no very close reading of *Tom Jones* to see that despite his sneers at Mrs. Fitzpatrick and the cynical advice he conveys to her through Sophia, he nevertheless represents her, not as an over-sexed woman preferring a series of intrigues to marital fidelity, but as a creature dazed by the bludgeonings of Fate, darting out of the only door that seemed to offer a little happiness. As for Mrs. Waters, Fielding not only shows that she was not lured into her original irregularity by a morbid temperament, but was betrayed by a promise of marriage; he even allows her to make exactly such a plea as might have been written by a professed determinist: "Consider, sir, on my behalf," she says to Allworthy, "what is in the power of a woman stripped of her reputation and left destitute: whether

the good-natured world will suffer such a stray sheep to return to the road of virtue, even if she were never so desirous. I protest, then, I would have chose it had it been in my power; but necessity drove me into the arms of Captain Waters." Though, of course, Fielding explains that this was not a justification, but only a mitigation of her offence, yet he leaves no doubt as to the sincerity of her repentance. He puts it to the severest test possible, for in the casual eighteenth-century fashion he marries her off in the last chapter to the contemptible Parson Supple. Two, then, of Fielding's "lewd women" are the victims of circumstance, not of desire. In so far he lives up to his splendid purpose to make no other provision than "human nature"; in so far he is a naturalist.

It may be suggested that with the two other women, Molly Seagrim and Lady Bellaston, it was, after all, as our critic avers, "a matter of temperament"; and that they furnish a refutation of the determinist theory, and prove also that Fielding was no determinist. As for refuting the determinist theory, the amorous temperament of Molly Seagrim and Lady Bellaston does nothing of the kind: for Omar's ancient question, "Who put it there?" remains unanswered, and is becoming increasingly difficult to answer in these days when the devil is fast becoming so mythical that even well-bred young ladies take his name in vain. Furthermore, there is another awkward question: "Who thrust the amorous temperament of the two women into such an environment, of dunghill squalor, on the one hand, and of hot-house idleness on the other, where inevitably such a temperament takes root and spreads luxuriantly?"

Certainly to these questions Fielding gives no satisfactory reply. The truth is, he was conventional enough not to know where he stood on the matter. He opens *Amelia* with a very impressive proclamation that the rôle of Chance has been much exaggerated and that men are themselves mainly responsible for their destinies. But he utterly ruins the effect of these fine sentiments in the next chapter where he tells how an Irishman was committed to jail for his brogue, and an innocent servant girl for going on an urgent errand late at night was locked up as a street-walker. Throughout the novel, indeed, *Amelia* is again and again the victim of circumstances beyond her control. In his excellent book, *The Development of the English Novel*, Professor Cross goes so far as to say that if Fielding did not give *Amelia* over

as a mistress to Colonel James, it was because his infinite tenderness "was mightier than he logic of art." Perhaps a truer explanation of Fielding's handling of the plot was that his optimism and conventional piety were mightier than his realistic conscience. While it may be admitted that Fielding was not so consistent and emphatic a determinist as many of the moderns, yet he is a very dubious ally of those who would have us believe that we are the masters of our fates, and that Eternal Justice orders all our destinies.

Tom Jones is neither consummate art nor consummate truth. Of both art and truth it has ample measure. Historically it presents an interesting parallel with naturalistic literature. Like Ibsen's and Shaw's plays, it was clearly intended as a shocker to the sensibilities of bourgeois Puritanism; like *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, it challenged the canons of orthodox criticism at every turn. Naturally enough, in his own day Fielding was accused of being vulgar, of attacking religion, the laws, government, priests, judges, and ministers—just as the naturalists are accused of the same horrors in our own. For reasons which I have already indicated, this firebrand has now become the object of a comfortable cult—just as other firebrands even more notorious have become the objects of comfortable cults. The ironic reflections to which such a bouleversement gives rise would have given a wild glee to Fielding himself. How he would have burst into a roar of sympathetic laughter could he have read the apostrophe of a more recent satirist of conventionalism and rigmarole:—

"O Critics, cultured Critics!
Who will praise me after I am dead,
Who will see in me both more and less than I intended,
But who will swear that whatever it was it was all perfectly right:
You will think you are better than the people who, when I was
 alive, swore that whatever I did was wrong
And damned my books for me as fast as I could write them;
But you will not be better, you will be just the same, neither
 better nor worse,
And you will go for some future Butler as your fathers have
 gone for me.
Oh! how I should have hated you!"

ROGER S. LOOMIS.

New York City.

RE-BORN YOUTH

I have just laid down a book which has completely abstracted me for a blessed time from a world torn with conflicting emotions of vengeance and justice toward a vanquished enemy; a book which has made me forget fascinating airplane flights across the seas, forget that such words as "proletariat" and "bourgeoisie" exist, forget even the luxury and income taxes to which I have lately been painfully supersensitive. I have been a boy again. Once more I have walked with fearful step through murky forest shades which my fancy peopled with lurking panthers, monstrous bears, and the savage, grinning faces of a still more frightful enemy—the American Indian. I have shot many a foreboding, sidelong glance over my shoulder, in imminent expectation of eying some malignant aborigine of those crepuscular regions leering at me, his intended victim, with ogreish ecstasy. I have once again heard the spiteful crack of the musket, the awful whiz of the tomahawk, and the appalling, terrific warwhoop; and I have seen ruined log cabins surrounded by these same horribly painted, howling savages, sending their missiles of death hurtling toward the little band of whites who, fighting against prodigious odds, were striving to defend the hapless, shrinking maidens ("females," rather) within, whose golden ringlets the diabolical besiegers were burning to tear away with their bloody scalping-knives. And finally, I have seen this brave little band rescued, contrary to all the laws of probability and literary criticism, from their direful situation, while pitiless justice was meted out to their would-be murderers, whose "corse" now strew the ground. For I have just finished reading *Nick of the Woods*, Robert Montgomery Bird's tale of frontier life in Kentucky during the seventeen hundred and eighties.

And I have not been at all worried by the fact that, as a writer of various tragedies and romances once quite popular, Bird has been almost forgotten. Even this novel is unknown to the American boy of to-day, who is perforce compelled to satiate his hunger for the raw, juicy beef which such stories as this would feed him upon, with the dry husks of Horatio Algerian

tales, which narrate the jejune "adventures" of perfectly respectable Boy Scouts who, in lieu of a mother's apron-strings, are hitched to those of the eminently proper and wofully unromantic Y. M. C. A. Pitying these boys, as I do, because of the insipid juvenile literature of the day, I am constrained to advise all lads in their early teens, who have a healthily pagan love for adventures which are gory to the *n*th degree, that their desire will be amply gratified if they will buy, beg, borrow or steal a copy of this same *Nick of the Woods*.

In all fairness, I must reluctantly admit that the evil spirit of critical research, who has relentlessly dogged me through some years of graduate study and the teaching of English, has ever been at my elbow and has given me many an unwelcome nudge of dutiful remembrance. He has frequently warned me that my time might much better be employed in tracing "influences," "effects of environment," "character development," "structural considerations," and so on, *ad nauseam*. This same admonitory devil has whispered many of his poisonous suggestions in my ear: he has reminded me that no heroine or hero could possibly be so impeccably heroic and hence so painfully colorless as are Roland and Edith Forrester in this story; that the amorous conversations of this same love-lorn pair are indeed fearfully and wonderfully deficient in verisimilitude; that by no possibility could all the chief characters come almost unscathed through such tremendous difficulties and dangers as beset them on every hand; that such large numbers of dastardly reprobates could never have suffered such uniformly condign punishment; that, in short, the whole story is a veritable labyrinth of absurdities. But for once every barbaric instinct in me rose and triumphantly put to flight this pestering imp, and I banished, temporarily at least, every literary consideration from my mind, almost as successfully (a twinge administered by the returning fiend prompts me to state) as virtue banishes vice in the story. "Avaunt, wretch!" quoth I to this demon of critical adjuration, emulating the dialogue of the story, "get thee hence to the hellish lair whence thou camest, and suffer me to pursue my course free from thy baleful pursuit." And forthwith he avaunted—for a time.

The boy who reads this tale will not have his interest diverted from the narrative by long historical or scenic descriptions quite as frequently as he will in reading Cooper, though he may occasionally yield to the perfectly proper temptation of skipping a few paragraphs. Neither will he find here any such heroic Indian figures as Uncas or Chingachgook, whose virtues he can idealize to gigantic proportions. For Bird has portrayed, it is to be suspected, Indians much more like those who actually existed in the primeval forests of America than did the bluff, sturdily independent, democracy-hating creator of the Leatherstocking Tales. Here the redskin is shown as a creature perpetually rent with ferocious and untamable passions, waging relentless warfare against the conquering whites, neither giving nor demanding quarter, slaughtering babes with as much infernal glee as he slaughters seasoned warriors, and almost completely lacking in any emotional or intellectual refinement. "Such is the red-man of America, whom . . . the dreams of poets and sentimentalists have invested with a character wholly incompatible with his condition."

The chief figure of the story, Nathan Slaughter, or "Nick of the Woods," is a characterization showing no inconsiderable creative power. He has seen his wife and children heinously massacred before his own eyes; he has himself been scalped and his skull has been fractured; but his superb physique has enabled him to survive these terrible ordeals and, hiding his real nature under the guise of a harmless, pacifistic Quaker, he pursues his implacably remorseless way through the book, striking down Indians to the right and left as he goes, stripping off their scalps with pardonably malicious satisfaction, and leaving his "nick" in the shape of a cross hacked on the breasts of his victims. I must not forget to speak a word of affection for Peter, the little dog which is ever to be seen at Nathan's side, and which saves his master's life in several delightfully impossible ways. "Roaring" Ralph Stackpole, horse-thief and Arthurian hero all in one, who perpetually invokes "tarnal death" upon himself unless the "angelliferous" heroine is rescued from the jaws of destruction that enclose her through three-fourths of the story, deserves the hearty and unstinted admiration of every red-blooded boy.

And so I repeat that, for a few precious hours, I have been a boy again, worshipping physical valor, listening with charmed ears to the ringing crack of rifles, and seeing with unlimited pleasure blood flow from tawny breasts or trickle from ghastly scalp-locks. I have been docilely complacent, not to say grimly satisfied, upon seeing two villains suffer forms of death scarcely more horrible than I could wish to be the fate of any meticulously flaw-seeking, influence-hunting, comparison-and-contrast-making, insufferably disillusioning critics who would find fault with this story. If such there be, may the avenging spirit of the hero himself rise, and may he stalk, capture, and immolate them with as little compunction as he did the fiendish denizens of the Kentucky wilderness one hundred and forty years ago!

R. F. DIBBLE.

Columbia University.

BOOK REVIEWS

MADAME GUYON ET FÉNELON, PRÉCURSEURS DE ROUSSEAU. Par Ernest Seillière, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Félix Alcan. 1918.

"It is always your fault when your health is bad. . . . Upon a certain simple and tranquil fidelity [to God] depend healthful sleep, appetite, good digestion, ability to walk without fatigue. . . ."

The above passage, from a letter written toward the end of the seventeenth century by the celebrated Archbishop of Cambrai, François de la Mothe Fénelon, to Madame de Montberon, indicates that those Christian Scientists who contend that the practice of Christian healing was entirely neglected between the third century and the appearance of Mrs. Eddy, have stated their case a little too strongly. In these days when the dependence of matter on spirit is becoming increasingly evident and increasingly interesting to the average man,—witness the unprecedented current sale of books on this subject,—the initiative of the Quietists, Molinos, Madame Guyon and the author of *Telemachus* and *The Maxims of the Saints* means more to this generation, perhaps, than to our fathers.

It is not the physical side of Guyonism, however, which Baron Seillière has chosen to stress. This individualist movement in the bosom of the Church,—France was little touched by Protestantism, frankly so called, but she did not escape the contagion under other names,—this movement which constituted each faithful Christian his own priest and prophet, frightened Bossuet and the spiritual authorities of the day, and its social implications alarm our author. One of his recent books is entitled *The Peril of Mysticism in the Interpretation of Modern Democracies*. Madame Guyon—Fénelon—Rousseau—Jacobinism—Romanticism—Socialism. This is the line of descent as he traces it. If he adds Bolshevism, he will have given Madame Guyon (who abandoned her two fleshly sons to follow her divine mission, in the confidence, as she phrased it, that they would have Jesus and Mary for father and mother), a portentous Frankenstein of a child indeed.

Aside from its possible ultimate influences, the affair of Madame Guyon and the gifted moralist Fénelon is one of the most curious in the history of religious movements. She was three years the elder, and though the abbé was nominally her confessor, it was she rather than he who represented the creative influence. Her doctrine of fruitful submission to the Divine leading, of Quietistic passivity, went to the point of indifference as to personal salvation. "God eradicates all. . . He takes away even the desire for His love and His law." Her vagaries, softened and rationalized by her saner teacher-pupil, became, nevertheless, the object of Papal censure, and Fénelon was driven to a quasi-retractation. But his fundamental position never seriously changed, his influence, rather increased than diminished by the notoriety which spread from his defence of a publicly rebuked heretic, was large and permanent, and through the mouth of Rousseau, George Sand, Karl Marx, he has been speaking to successive generations ever since.

The quarrel with Bossuet was the eternal antagonism between authority and liberty, between reason and inspiration. The antithesis has rarely been sustained by nobler champions. Baron Seilliére has told the story delicately and well. To the lover of clear and accurate exposition of fine-drawn points of doctrine the book is a delight.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

NEW STUDY OF ENGLISH POETRY. By Henry Newbolt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

The twelve essays in Sir Henry Newbolt's *New Study of English Poetry* are built about his conception of poetry, which he defines as "the expression in speech, more or less rhythmical, of the æsthetic activity of the human spirit, the creative activity by which the world is presented to our consciousness." Good poetry is further defined as "the masterly expression of rare, complex and difficult states of consciousness: and great poetry, the poetry which has the power to stir many men and stir them deeply, is the expression of our consciousness of this world, tinged with man's universal longing for a world more perfect, nearer to the heart's desire." Eight of these essays are concerned with the more abstract presentation

of this idea, under such heading as "What is Poetry?", Poetry and Rhythm," "Poetry and Politics." The discussion under each of these heads is very interesting and is happily illustrated, but it does not take one much beneath the familiar surface of literary criticism. One agrees pretty much with everything that is said and occasionally wonders why certain things seem to Sir Henry worth laying any stress upon. Why are we told that some persons regard poetry as "at best a more decorative form of speech; . . . at the worst, . . . a sort of sugary nonsense"? that "in the Ship of State, poetry must not speak to the man at the wheel"? and so forth. Still less, why should a professor of poetry feel called upon to vindicate poetry from ignorant aspersions? Surely the volume of poetry that is being published—and read—to-day is evidence in full plenty that there is no call for a new defence of poesie.

The remaining four essays of a more specific character deal with Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and the Ballads, all very pleasant but not very profound. Particularly disappointing is the essay on Milton, for after indicating briefly the history of the criticism of *Paradise Lost* and pointing out its weakness in the light of modern criticism, it ends rather inconclusively with the statement that "the interest and beauty are there if we will only look for them."

It is not without significance that hardly any of the modern schools of poets and none of the vers librists, except the eccentric futurists, are considered in this volume. Certainly, a new study of poetry ought not to be satisfied with excoriating the impossible futurists and neglecting utterly the vers librists, whether the critic regards them as impossible or not. They are not all so dangerously heterodox that they may not be let into the fold of poetry by the door even though that door is guarded by a very orthodox professor of poerry.

J. W. TUPPER.

THE SYMBOLIST MOVEMENT IN LITERATURE. By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

Mr. Arthur Symons has observed the same scheme in this second edition of his *Symbolist Movement in Literature* that he did in his first. To the ten chapters of the earlier work he has

added eight written in the last thirty years, and to his chapter on the later Huysmans he has prefixed one on the earlier. He has appended four verse translations from Stéphane Mallarmé and forty-six from Paul Verlaine. The title of the book is somewhat misleading, and it is justified only by the Introduction, which very briefly seeks to show where the various authors of whom it treats stand in relation to the symbolic movement. Apart from this Introduction very little is done in the body of the book to show the course of the movement or to relate to it the authors included in it. Symbolism is mentioned incidentally, not discussed as the guiding principle of the work. Moreover, the symbolists considered belong only to French literature. The several chapters that make up the book are highly illuminating and appreciative criticisms of the symbolists, though not infrequently no indication is given that they are to be regarded as symbolists. Thus we have an excellent analysis of the novel of Balzac and of the Goncourts, a discriminating contrast of the methods of Zola and the Goncourts in the matter of realism, a fine appreciation of the contribution of Paul Verlaine to lyrical poetry, and a discerning exposition of Maeterlinck as a mystic. The tone of Mr. Symons's criticism is throughout healthy and sane. He condemns as strongly the false and exaggerated realism of Zola as he praises the "inner and more severe beauty of perfect truth" of Huysmans. Bibliographical and other notes on each of the authors considered are appended, since the essays of the text are not "intended to give information" but "are concerned with ideas rather than with facts." The work of the publishers is in keeping with the well-known excellence of Dutton and Company.

J. W. TUPPER.

WAR BORROWING: A STUDY OF TREASURY CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS OF THE UNITED STATES. By Jacob H. Hollander. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Professor Hollander has made a timely and painstaking effort to formulate and evaluate the policy of the U. S. Treasury adopted to provide by borrowing the funds required to carry on the recent war. The method of analysis pursued is clear and far-reaching and the exposition is exhaustive, as appears from the

chapter headings,—The Past, The Present, The Treasury, The Money Market, The Price Level, The Future.

The notable feature of the present war financing of the United States has been the large part played by Treasury certificates of indebtedness. In outright volume the gross amount of such certificates issued up to November 1, 1918, had been greater than the principal amount of the first three Liberty Loans and was soon to exceed that of the first four. This course of short-term borrowing in anticipation of the funded loans—in all there were thirty-one issues of Treasury certificates of indebtedness up to November 1, 1918—appears to have crystallized in May, 1917, as the result of European experience and our own practice during the Spanish War. The nominal amount of the issues increased from \$200,000,000 on May 10, 1917, to \$641,000,000 on October 1, 1918, and the interest rate rose from 3% to 4½%. The certificates were subscribed for and issued to banks and were paid for by the creation of government deposits in the form of credit accounts subject to check; they were held to maturity and were then applied upon the payment of Liberty Bond subscriptions. Next the device of permissive payments of bond subscriptions by credit on the books of the banks was introduced, the purpose being to avoid even temporarily a derangement of the money market. These borrowings by the Treasury formed a large proportion of the nominal amount produced by the Liberty Loans; the ratio of certificates to the first loan was 43.4 and to the fourth 66.7 per cent. In other words, the Liberty Loans were used to an increasing extent to discharge the short-term indebtedness contracted by certificate borrowing in anticipation of the flotation of the loans themselves. So, too, the part played by credit payments on the books of the banks increased from 20% on June 8, 1917, to 89% on October 1, 1918, on certain dates being even higher than this latter figure.

Professor Hollander shows that the method of certificate borrowing has proved a highly efficient one for providing the Treasury with a constant flow of funds with which to meet its obligations. Such war-time borrowings should, however, be effected not only readily and certainly but cheaply. On this point he finds that the Treasury was found to be carrying a daily work-

ing balance which increased from \$179,579,613 on June 8, 1917, when the daily disbursements and advances to the Allies were \$19,211,146 to \$1,487,189,694 on August 31, 1918, when the daily disbursements and payments were only \$65,044,025.

The purpose of the Treasury in thus so greatly increasing its working balance by short term borrowings was not clear, as the situation was at no time out of ready control. In as far as the working balance was built up or maintained at a higher level than safe financing required, the maximum economy of certificate borrowing was to that extent unrealized. It might be suggested, as Professor Hollander would seem to imply, that while the method of borrowing by the Treasury through evidences of indebtedness was a cheap one for it, on the other hand it was not, perhaps, so inexpensive for the banks. Professor Hollander finds that "the conspicuous economy of short-time borrowing—avoidance of treasury plethora—was in considerable part lost by the early a doption and continued use of the policy of a mounting treasury balance."

As to possible future improvement in method in the face of an always impressive popular response, the remedy proposed is the incorporation of the installment plan of payment into the loan procedure; a method, which, it is agreed, "would avoid "the direct expansion of bank credit with mischief-making possibilities of inflation and rising prices." HUBERT H. S. AIMES.

READING THE BIBLE. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This book is composed of three lectures, on the L. P. Stone foundation, delivered at Princeton Theological Seminary, on the third, fourth, and fifth of February, 1919. The first is entitled "Reading the Bible," the second "St. Paul as a Letter Writer," the third "Short Stories in the Bible." Unhampered by any theological or textual code, seeking to establish no doctrine, Professor Phelps approaches the Bible as he would any great piece of literature, interpreting the Old Testament characters and stories in a spirit of reverence combined with shrewd common sense and delightful humor.

"Nor did I," he declares, reviewing his boyhood experiences in reading the Bible, "think highly of David's exploit in killing Goliath. All small boys like heavy-weight champions; and it may be I had a fondness for the big fellow. Anyhow, it seemed to me that David did not fight fairly. Goliath came out with the legitimate weapons for a stand-up fight; David stood at a safe distance and punctured his thick head with a slingshot. If he had missed the first time, he had four more stones to throw; and if he had failed to make a hit with any of them, he would doubtless have run away, and Goliath, encumbered with his heavy suit, would have found it quite impossible to catch him. I felt that David was something like a guttersnipe, who, afraid to fight with his fists, throws stones from a coign of vantage; or like a man with a magazine gun, taking the measure of a hippopotamus. . . .

"It is of course possible to regard David's victory as the triumph of brains over brawn: Goliath was conservative; he was naturally beaten by the younger antagonist who used more modern methods."

Though such views as these only a generation ago would have seemed the worst sort of impiety, Professor Phelps is not false to his mother's careful training, and concludes:—

"As for David himself, he had many sins to answer for, including murder and adultery in their most malignant form; yet every one loves David for he had a great heart. . . . Sometimes I think the finest episode in his career was when he refused to drink the water brought to him by the three champions."

No one can lay down Professor Phelps's little book without a desire to know more of the Bible and to enter more fully into its profound spiritual teachings.

OUR HOUSE. By Henry Seidel Canby. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Robert Roberts, the hero of this novel, is both a cad and a bore. Born of Quaker parents in a staid Pennsylvania village and educated at Yale, he cannot adapt himself to his home surroundings or follow the monotonous business career mapped out for him by his father. On the death of his father he goes

to New York, enters upon graduate work in a university, becomes dissatisfied, gives up a fellowship to which he had been appointed, and resolves to become a writer. In his struggles to find himself and depict life as it is, he plays fast and loose with the affections of two young women, and forces one of them to submit to his base passion. She flees to Italy in shame, but soon afterwards, hearing that he is about to give up his literary aspirations and enter upon a business career, returns to help him. They come to an understanding, and presumably Robert Roberts through marriage with her learned to see life and see it whole. The plot—if such it may be called—is bare, the characters are unreal, emotionless, uninteresting, and the situations devoid of dramatic intensity. The language too is at times stilted and unnatural, as when Katherine Grey (who as a result of an indeterminate residence in the South has acquired an atmosphere of romance as well as “the soft Southern slur”) says to Robert Roberts (no one else being present): “We-all [*sic*] love each other with our minds.”

ROBERT BURNS. By Edward Winslow Gilliam. Boston: The Cornhill Company.

This little drama, written by a devotee of Burns, exhibits little knowledge of dramatic technique and is full of amusing anachronisms and inconsistencies. The poet himself, the protagonist, is a caricature, disguising himself first as a woman, then later, to make fun of the Old Light Pastors, as a bailiff's assistant, and finally in the salon of the Duchess of Gordon, Edinburgh, he appears quoting at great length from his own poetry and paying elaborate compliments to the ladies. Professor Stewart and the Rev. Dr. Blair are even worse travesties in their remarkably trivial conversation about the “festivities of the 400,” the divorces that are becoming too common, the “smile that won't come off,” and their ponderous attempts at puns on the poet's name. It is surprising, too, to discover such blunders as: “villifications,” “scriblers,” “nothing loathe” (adjective), “the man of Uzz,” and “*hair*-brained imagination.” The drama will scarcely add to the fame either of the poet Burns or to that of his enthusiastic admirer, Mr. Gilliam.

PAINTING. By W. A. Sinclair.—NOWADAYS. By Lord Dunsany. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

These two attractively printed little volumes are issued in the Seven Arts Series and deal with the sister arts of painting and poetry. Mr. Sinclair declares that there never was "a picture with the taint of pessimism in it," for painting is "the praise of perfection"; and Lord Dunsany in like manner asserts that to be a poet is "to see beauty in all its forms and manifestations, to feel ugliness like a pain, to resent the wrongs of others as bitterly as one's own, . . . to hear at moments the clear voice of God."

A TREASURY OF WAR POETRY. Second Series. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by George Herbert Clarke. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

In his admirable Introduction Professor Clarke says: "The phrase 'War poetry' is a convenient one, but war poetry, after all, may be as broadly comprehensive in its insights and occasions as poetry which has no relation to war. If it be worthy, it is the finely wrought record of a sympathetic reaction to the enkindling heroisms of war, or of an antipathetic reaction to its sorrows, its brutalities, and its uglinesses." Nor, he continues, is it an absolute requirement that war poetry be written by those only who have been in the thick of the fight. Actual experience in war may even dull and blunt the poet's mind. Two points of difference Professor Clarke sees between the militant and the non-militant war poet: The fighting poet seems seldom to display a spirit of personal hatred toward an enemy, but apparently reserves his hatred for the impersonal Wrong for whose sake the enemy fights; and again the poet at the front, unless he is a determined realist, often turns away from the attempt to represent actual warfare, and tries instead to visualize some emotional antidote. His ultimate desire as a poet is to develop and express (even though indirectly) a poet's philosophy of war.

The collection is comprehensive, well arranged, and made with good taste and critical judgment. The two volumes form a valuable war anthology which should find a place in every library.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Leonidas Warren Payne. Chicago and New York: Rand McNally & Company.

The most valuable feature of this volume, intended for high-school classes in American literature, is the very helpful guide for students contained in the Suggestive Questions and Exercises in the Notes. Instead of overloading the texts with dry, philological annotations, the editor tries to get the pupil's point of view and skilfully presents questions that will lead him to think and study along rational lines, the object being to train his artistic taste and develop his judgment. "The absolutely essential nineteenth-century classics have been chosen as far as length and character of the selection would permit. The apparent unequal representation in the cases of recent writers, particularly Mark Twain and Moody, is due to copyright restrictions." The grouping of selections is geographical rather than strictly chronological with the result that Whitman comes immediately after William Cullen Bryant. The startling contrast in style and mood between the two may be of tonic value to the student. In the Southern Group, I miss William Gilmore Simms and John Pendleton Kennedy, chapters from whose novels would be read with interest and pleasure by any high-school boy. Here again, however, copyright restrictions, which are jealously regarded and upheld by the publishers, may have interfered.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: THE PRINCIPLE AND THE PRACTICE. Edited by Stephen Pierce Duggan, Director of the Institute of International Education; Professor of Education at the College of the City of New York. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. 1919. Pp. xv, 357.

Sixteen contributors, including President Lowell and Hon. John Bassett Moore have joined with Professor Duggan in making this volume. Every phase of the subject is covered by experts, who show balance and ability in handling this important theme. The Appendix contains Abbé Saint-Pierre's Articles of the Fundamental Treaty for Preserving the Peace of Europe (1713), Kant's notable essay on Perpetual Peace (1795), the "Holy Alliance" (1815), the celebrated Message of President Monroe that forms the real "Monroe Doctrine" (1823), the Hague Conventions of 1899 and 1907, and the Covenant of the

League of Nations, April 28, 1919. The editor is quite justified in saying that there is a remarkable amount of agreement among the contributors, considering that the "policy of refraining from all interference in expression of opinion" was followed by the editor. The chapter on Labor in the Peace Treaty, by John B. Andrews, Secretary of the American Association for Labor Legislation, is especially timely, and shows that Congress and the Federal departments have already largely acknowledged the "Nine Principles" of the treaty.

In discussing the Monroe Doctrine, felicitously enough Mr. Munro of Columbia University closes the book with the following luminous and suggestive statement: "If the United States is willing to sacrifice the imperialism which has characterized some of its appeals to the doctrine, and to return to the original idea of mutual non-intervention, in so far as that will be possible under a league of nations, a different condition will result (from what would occur disastrously under an imperialistic construction). Should this interpretation prevail, it might be possible to consider the Monroe Doctrine as applying a principle analogous to, but by no means identical with, that expressed in the doctrine of mandatories. The regional agreements for peace, if fairly formed and unselfishly applied, may become instruments by which the League shall guarantee world peace. But this presupposes a frank acceptance of the principles expressed in Article X—a respect for the territorial integrity and independence of states. Should this conception prevail, the recognition of the Monroe Doctrine would be a triumph for the United States and a powerful assistance for the League of Nations."

T. P. B.

CONTEMPORARY SPANISH DRAMATISTS. By Charles Alfred Turrell. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

In addition to an Introduction discussing the modern Spanish drama, this book contains complete translations of: *Electra*, by Galdós, *The Claws*, by Rivas, *The Woman's Town*, by Joaquin and Serafin Quintero, *When the Roses Bloom Again*, by Marquina, *The Passing of the Magi*, by Zamacois, and *Juan José*, by Joaquin Dicenta. Of this collection only *Electra* has been

previously translated. Mr. Turrell has done good work in thus making the best of modern Spanish drama available for American readers unable to read the original texts.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE WAR: CAN SCIENCE ANSWER THE RIDDLE OF THE GRAVE? By Henry Frank. Introduction by Hereward Carrington, Ph.D. Boston: The Stratford Company. 1919. Pp. xlv, 372.

RAYMOND; OR THE LIFE AND DEATH, WITH EXAMPLES OF THE EVIDENCE FOR SURVIVAL OF MEMORY AND AFFECTION AFTER DEATH. By Sir Oliver Lodge. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1916.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE UNSEEN: AN EXAMINATION OF THE PHENOMENA OF SPIRITUALISM AND OF THE EVIDENCE FOR SURVIVAL AFTER DEATH. By Sir William F. Barrett, F.R.S. With an Introduction by James H. Hyslop, Ph.D., L.L.D., Secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1918. Pp. xviii, 336.

IMMORTALITY: AN ESSAY IN DISCOVERY—COORDINATING SCIENTIFIC PSYCHICAL, AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH. By B. H. Streeter, A. Clutton Brock, C. W. Emmet, J. A. Hadfield, and the Author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia*. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1917. Pp. xiv, 380.

These four books are here considered because they are good types of the better sort of interest in spiritualism, psychic research, and the like. Mr. Frank is an intelligent amateur who has written two other books on the same subject. Mr. Carrington's introduction is quite sympathetic, though he calls attention to Frank's loose use of language when he seems to identify psychic phenomena with nerve-force. He says: "Mr. Frank has, in this book, summed up the evidence, both *pro* and *con*, in relation to accepted scientific facts and their bearing upon the great question of survival, in a thoroughly interesting, scholarly and instructive manner; and has thrown many illuminative sidelights upon the questions involved."

In all these books the outstanding thought is this (which the writers hardly realize): that practically all the evidence points toward telepathy and that alone. Since we know little of telepathy, and since the admission of its reality makes survival more reasonable and psychic phenomena in general more intelligible, the various authors will not regard this result as a negligible one.

Mr. Frank's main hypothesis may be summed up in one of his paragraphs (p. 222): "The mind, by this hypothesis, does not

act directly on the brain and the cells and the nerves, but on a much finer substance. The action of the will is exercised directly through the medium of radiant matter, or streams of electrons, a substance which exercises tremendous energy on the coarser and less responsive substance of the microscopic cells." Strange to say he does not seem to be acquainted with Professor Schofield's experiments with the biometer and the sthenometer, whereby he showed that a sort of energy did proceed from the fingers—"nerve-force," he calls it. It may well be that there is actual physical communication in telepathy, through "nerve-force" and direct ethereal action, and that there is parallelism between telepathy and wireless telegraphy.

Most readers who are both candid and competent feel obliged to say that Sir Oliver Lodge's pathetic book simply adds some interesting data to the facts accumulating in favor of the existence of telepathy, even telepathic communication through several minds. A few quotations from *Raymond* will, without comment, show the strong likelihood that the alleged "communications" are tapping the "unconscious" depths of the minds of Sir Oliver and his family: The "communications" began with a table tilting the following to Mrs. Lodge: "Tell Father I have met some friends of his"; the control "Feda" has this: "He [Sir Oliver] is going to help to prove to the world the Truth"; control "Peters" delivers the following: "You will break down the opposition on account of me [compare the dream fulfilment of a wish]. . . . For God's sake, Father, do it, because, if you only knew and could only see what I see: hundreds of men and women heart-broken. And if you could only see the boys on our side shut out, you would throw the whole strength of yourself into this work. But you can do it."

Telepathy, suggestion and auto-suggestion seem to account for the alleged "communications." Indeed, most of the stuff given by the mediums has the very hall-mark of trivial and futile subconsciousness upon it. And yet even highly cultured people satisfy themselves with inanities because they recall the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still.

Sir William Barrett's useful compendium is well characterized in the Introduction by Dr. Hyslop: "Sir William Barrett was

for many years Professor of Experimental Physics in the Royal College of Science for Ireland, and also spent many years investigating psychic phenomena, having worked in the subject long before the English Society for Psychic Research was organized. Hence this work is the ripe fruit of many years of investigation. It is the best work of the kind that has ever appeared in English, and readers may study it without offense at either its data or its manner. It is thoroughly scientific in method and spirit, and practices no evasions or subterfuges in the discussions of its problems. The manner is calm and tolerant of scepticism, perhaps because the author came to the subject as a sceptic himself, and he selects all his facts with reference to the objections which sceptics and believers in other theories than the spiritualistic one would bring forward." Sir William seems to agree with Mrs. Sidgwick's conclusion that telepathy is at the bottom of the spiritualistic phenomena, though neither she nor Sir William is willing to rule out telepathic communication on the part of "discarnate intelligences."

After reading books about "mediums," one turns with joy to such a fine book as the one on Immortality, edited by the late Canon Streeter, who now, perhaps, knows in fuller measure the noble things he hints at on p. 152 of this inspiring book: "The life of God must not only be *said* to be, but actually *imagined* as something richer, fuller, and more alive, as something more concrete, not less so, than the life of man; and that the life of Heaven must be thought of as more, not less, teeming with varied content than that of earth. Life here would be intolerable without variety, and the life of a world which is better than this would have in it more and not less variety than that of this world."

If Sir Oliver Lodge and others who have loved ones "gone before" could feel their presence and thereby be nerved to a nobler life, perhaps they would be less content with the scraps and shreds of subconsciousness which even a "higher plane" of existence cannot dignify. Truly, "flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God!"

T. P. BAILEY.

LEWIS THEOBALD: HIS CONTRIBUTION TO ENGLISH SCHOLARSHIP, WITH SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS. By Richard Foster Jones. New York: Columbia University Press.

This is an attempt to set forth in its true light Theobald's contribution to Shakespearean criticism, as well as to give a biography of the man. Following Bentley's methods in the classics, Theobald, according to Dr. Jones, in his work on Shakespeare adapted this method to a new field, and in turn was followed by scholars who did not confine their labors to the great dramatist.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

With this issue of the REVIEW the present editor, after ten years of service, resigns to accept the chair of English in Tulane University. During these years the difficulties and discouragements have been many. Without adequate endowment itself, the University has never been able to render proper financial support, nor have the subscriptions and advertisements been sufficient to make the magazine altogether independent, so that the editor more than once has been in sore straits, fearing that the next issue would be the last. Under such conditions, the REVIEW could never have been kept alive but for the cordial encouragement and loyal assistance of the members of the faculties both of the University and of the Sewanee Military Academy, who contributing out of their meagre salaries have made its continuance possible.

The problem has been rendered less difficult too by the whole-hearted coöperation of contributors from all parts of the country, correspondence with whom has been a rare privilege that the editor is loath to give up. With them all the editor's relations have been unfailingly delightful and he takes this opportunity to express his appreciation of their courtesy and support.

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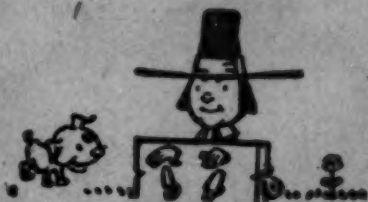
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